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FEBRUARY 15, 1971

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4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7
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49 Clarence Street, Sydney
ITALIAN VOGUE
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International Executive Editor:
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AVEDON

COVER: The turtle goes tie-dyed for spring . . . Halston's skinny black turtleneck splashed with a sunburst of yellow, red, green, and blue around the neck and shoulders, halfway up the sleeves. To wear with it: short black shorts—and, on the face, the fresh new colours of Max Factor's Geminesse makeup (all, detailed on page 110). The turtleneck pullover, tie-dyed by Up Tied for Halston.

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VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our city shortsuit. Navy blue, buttoned with shine and schemed with red braid. Fitted out in Dacron® polyester doubleknit, $110.



(This page) Tunic in two slices, parts its petals over white piqué legs, $32. Piqué tops an empire, ankle-deep in flowered panels, $28. Both by Nalii in yellow, white and navy or red, white and navy cotton, 3 to 13, in Bigi, Sixth Floor.

(Opposite page) Zippy romper, laced in the middle, black, olive or blue, all with white, $32, in Miss Bergdorf, Fifth Floor. Crisp cut-out, bit of baring daring in black and white piqué, $46, in Miss Bergdorf At-Home, Fifth Floor. Both by Tori Richard in cotton, 6 to 14.



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(Opposite page) Bigi's long on ruffles, sweet on shades in a dress that's all checks and daisy stripes. By Princess Kaiulani in mint and white, blue and white or red and white polyester and cotton, 5 to 13, $42. Bigi, Sixth Floor.

(This page) The missionary mix, flowers from three gardens take part in one long, beautiful bouquet. By Malia in a blend of pistachio or grape punch cotton, 6 to 14, $55. Miss Bergdorf, Fifth Floor.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
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5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS



SANTE FORLANO

(This page) Sun-top and bottoms, double-decking flowers, 4 to 6x, $13, 7 to 14, $16. Little dress, big blossoms, ruffled to the toes, 4 to 6x, $15, 7 to 14, $18. Both by Nalii in red and navy or white and navy cotton in Boys & Girls, Sixth Floor.

(Opposite page) Under, above and over all, Bigi likes a combo: brown or lilac shirt, cotton and rayon, 3 to 13, $18; breezy-weave, bright-banded straw hat, one size, $6; Tiki-striped overalls in navy, cocoa and white or tangerine, lavender and white cotton, 3 to 13, $32. All by Baba Kea for Peter Pan International in Bigi, Sixth Floor.



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with **United Airlines** and takes pictures amidst the splendors of the Makaha Inn famed for its pleasures and beauty. From 36 holes of championship golf to breathtaking trails through jade plant forests, the lush Makaha setting, in a valley full of peacocks and coffee plants, is an unforgettable adventure in paradise.

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

MAINE CHANCE Report from a recent visitor to this health oasis in the Arizona desert

The legendary Elizabeth Arden, who more than fifty years ago could have written—single-handedly—a Women's Liberation manifesto, with magnificent inconsistency also conceived to perfection the archetype of all future shrines dedicated to the perpetuation of the idea of woman as an expensive, lovely object: the "beauty spa."

Elizabeth Arden had in mind a special kind of beauty: that which is acquired—and maintained—through a discipline of health. Maine Chance was thus created in 1933: a cluster of timber-y chalets in the woods of Maine on the shores of a dreamy little lake, miles away from any town. There, women who had the privilege of securing a two-week reservation for themselves were stripped of their nail polish, lipstick, fashionable clothes, hairdos, and—temporarily—of their bad health habits; and were gently coaxed into a routine that included scalp treatment in the open air, swimming in the lake's frigid waters, exercises under the trees, *and* the total certainty that no man's eye could glance at them while they plodded about, their hair sticky with health creams, their bodies packed in blue maillots and white terry-cloth robes: one of Elizabeth Arden's many trademarks. Husbands and friends would get to admire only the finished products.

Breakfast was served at 7 A.M., dinner at 7 P.M., lights went off at 10 P.M. Card games after that hour were frowned upon and had to be secretly organized at candlelight in one of the cottages farthest from Miss Arden's windows. Canasta, the legend goes, was invented at Maine Chance one cool evening by a group of tenacious, sleepless women.

Arizona Maine Chance, the health oasis built in 1946 as a sunny counterpart to the original Maine Chance (which closed in July, 1970), shows the signs of a new era: for one, Phoenix, with all its temptations—from ice-cream parlours to the famous Goldwaters' department store—is only a fifteen-minute drive away. But the elegant wrought-iron gates still close, symbolically if not inexorably, at 10 P.M.

Arizona Maine Chance is built at the foot of Camelback Mountain, a mirage of a mountain, solid-looking in the morning light, ethereal in the hot afternoon. At sundown, Camelback loses *all* its weight: it becomes violet crumpled velvet, and the immense moon seems about to roll down the precarious Camel's hump.

Against a background of giant cactuses scooped out here and there by bird nests, and bushes rustling with desert doves, rabbits, and mythical rattlesnakes no one has ever seen, there suddenly bloom the sloping lawns of Maine Chance, with palms and feathery tamaracks, orange, lemon, and grapefruit trees, rose fields, and walls of oleanders—a combination of an English park, a Rousseauesque tropical fantasy, and a formal Italian garden. Among the luscious plants are white cottages, rouged by splashes of bougainvillea, where Maine Chance guests are lodged and pampered by dozens of soft-spoken maids.

I first visited Maine Chance at the beginning of the season. My day began at 8 A.M. with breakfast served in bed. Half a grapefruit from the garden, black coffee. Instead of butter, marmalade, toast, eggs: a lovely but inedible bouquet of fresh flowers and, next to it, the day's program, which is compiled for each woman on the physician's recommendation. An hour later, exercise class: soft music, elongating mirrors, and pink mattresses made it less hard for my reluctant muscles to follow the teacher's instructions.

At 10 A.M., Melody Gregor, her magnolia face a living advertisement for Elizabeth Arden products, welcomed us to her face class. We sat at immaculate little desks and, supplied with dabs of colour, brushes, cotton pads, and a rather merciless mirror, we received a delightfully narcissistic lesson in professional makeup. By 11, however, all those tender colours were stripped off: our faces were cleansed, lubricated, patted, revitalized. Later, under a shaded portico along the Olympic-size pool, a maid poured us cups of health potion: a golden, fresh-vegetable broth. The secret of that golden tinge: the broth is filtered through whipped white of egg.

Presently, I tried the Ardena Bath: a combination bed/tub (Continued on page 125)



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225 calories on a plate can taste pretty skimpy. 225 calories in a tall glass of Slender can taste—smashing! New canned Slender is made with milk protein so it tastes as good as the Slender you mix in fresh milk. Slender from Carnation—tastes so good it's only a diet after you drink it. Smashing.



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My mother, who was quite a swinger in her day, says she discovered Enna Jetticks in Chicago in 1936 when skirts were a little shorter. She's still wearing Enna Jetticks, too.

Me? My generation, who really knows what's happening, wears Enna Jetticks with every length. Which means mini's, midi's, maxi's, and every kind of in-between. (And we think Enna Jetticks look sensational with pants, too.)

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So I make the Nomad™. It is wash and wear. It has curls to comb. It comes in 26 colors. And makes you a gypsy lady.

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Many think I am wrong. Many think wigs should be neat. Functional. I say no! Wigs should be mad, jealous, happy, sad, messy—wonderful!

Like women. Like Nomad. Like me.

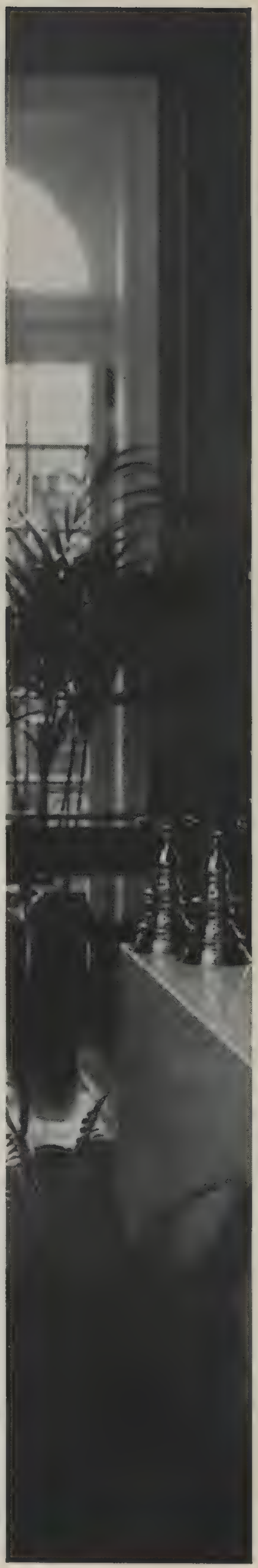
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If I did not adore them, could I be so brilliant in styling their wigs?

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I want them to be gorgeous gypsies. Wicked gypsies.

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1


2


3


4

Each winter in our country's capital, another country gives a ball benefitting The National Symphony. This year, the party was sponsored by the Embassy of Great Britain. Scotsmen piped in flaming puddings, roses and heather glowed among evergreens at a Dickensian romp of feasting and dance. Next night, at the British Embassy, an auction of American paintings, books, manuscripts brought more dollars to the aid of this fine orchestra.















1. Scots pipers. 2. Mr. Clarence D. Ward, Miss Cita Lisle. 3. Mrs. Newton I. Steers, junior; Mr. Clifford L. Alexander, junior. 4. Mrs. Merriweather Post, The Honourable Fred Korth. 5. Miss Nancy Hanks; Mr. Gerson Nordlinger, junior. 6. Mrs. Henry R. Luce, Mr. Charles Carey. 7. Senator Charles H. Percy, Mrs. John R. Stevenson. 8. The Honourable and Mrs. Emil Mosbacher, junior. 9. Mrs. Walter H. Annenberg; H. E. John Freeman, British Ambassador to the United States. 10. Mr. John D. Ehrlichman, Mrs. William L. Safire. 11. Mrs. Charles H. Percy, Mr. John A. Logan.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Miss Grey's gin

Wild thyme poultices and strawberry face-mousses are all very well for neophytes on the herb scene but how about Aida Grey's people, a group of cultivated beauties emanating from under hair dryers at her opulent Beverly Hills salon? They're deep into ginseng, the ubiquitous root long used in China for everything from an aphrodisiac to a preventive for the sniffles. While the Chinese infuse ginseng into their food and drink, Miss Grey stashes it in creams and lotions with what must be considered spectacular results. Gin Seng Pore Cleanser is a lightly gritty, green pleasantry used to tighten and brighten the skin, primarily as a fast masque. There's a moisturizing lotion, night cream, and, most intriguing, the Gin Seng Eye Masque, a deep green concoction said to reduce puffiness and to lighten the insidious dark cast beneath the eyes. Impossible though it is to come by such esoterica easily, you may write to Aida Grey, 9549 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212.

The black daisy of Chelsea

If Mary Quant is Britain's most original and influential export, her newest paintbox is the flattest, sleekest case in point. A smooth expanse of gleamy white flaunting the mod black daisy, it'll slip into any bag bigger than six inches square, has a mirrored lid almost as big, and anything that's not in it shouldn't be on one's naked face if you're young enough to Quantify. Cribbing clues from the Shrimp and others of her divine ilk, Mary grooves into the box a tawny face-shaper and a blusher, her two reigning shadows (both blue-hued), brown/black cake liner, transparent white eye gloss, and a marvellously new-looking old-fashioned chunk of mascara with an enormous brush for properly lavish glopping. Three other finicky little brushes are tucked in with explicit sketches and eye-opening how-to's. The whole bit very much our Mary Q. and, like her, simply spiffy.

Air current

There is something pleasantly toe-curling about a new perfume on the body. One feels aware, inviting, hopeful. A telephone call to your Viviane Woodard representative will summon up a whole regalement of their latest—and perhaps most dazzling—scent, Vermeil. You can mineral-bathe in it, velvet your skin with it, powder it on, and, of course, spray it all over in straight perfume or Essence Concentrate. There are a dozen different delights, all breathing the heady, golden warmth of Vermeil. (More Ready Beauty, page 27)

Spiced just right.
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WELLA

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Words of wigdom

A great, lacy, hearty Valentine is in order for wigmakers whose newest wigmakings are believable but glorious and crafted as exquisitely as embroidery. Synthetic fibres are finer, colours truer, and the styling is done by some of the savviest hair designers around. . . . Among new well-pedigreed wigs, the one here from ***Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon***—close, layered, with the long strands braided (unbraided, same strands float in curly crinkles). . . . More wig advances come from North American Hair Goods and their dashing Italian designer ***Armando Ghedini*** who started out as an architect, took an interest in wigs, found ways to build them better. His head-turning Nomad, cut in tiers of Dynel curls, is meant to be tossed over your gypsy flounces. . . . Over the rainbow, at Saks Fifth Avenue, are chignons by ***Pierre Henri*** in magenta, blue, orange to be worn as brilliant ornaments high on the crown, or low at the nape. . . . Splendid scalper: ***Edith Imré*** who's invented a new kind of cap construction for her wigs, Ribbon 'n Stretch—an airy latticework of ribbons and elastic that allows a woman to pull some of her own hair through the cap to add more colour, more body. . . . Versatile "wigs that do things" are the forte of the new Tamar Headfashions' ***Joseph Marshall,*** a pioneer who once made a solid gold wig with hair-fine gold fibres as a show-biz introduction to synthetic fibres for wigs. Extra showmanship now with Tamar's new wigs: the nifty fake-alligator shoulder-slung case that houses them. . . . Wig-falls are back, and General Wig's got them—in updated designs by ***Georges Raphael.*** One, called Veronica, is extra long, waved, very open to style variations. . . . Another bigwig, ***Jerome Alexander,*** has produced—among other innovations—an "automatic" hairpiece that styles easily, fits itself into a wealth of hair-moods. . . . New to the wig-designing business is fashion designer ***Donald Brooks*** who speaks of a whole new dimension in the wig market—more costumey, an extension of clothes. He and his company, Temptress-Desirée, are working up "image" wigs, inspired by the Beautiful People.



Real girl, that's you.
Big cement cities turn you off. Country sincerity. Morning dew. Picnics for two. That's your mood. The mood captured by Hush Puppies. Yours in smooth or suede pigskin. Unpretentious colors. Unpretentious price, too. About $16.



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Baby-powder gentle. But for all its effectiveness, Vespré proved safe. Gentle as baby powder.

Baby-powder fresh. Vespré smells fresh. Just like baby powder. Leaves you feeling totally clean. Totally confident, hour after hour.

Now there are two kinds of Vespré. Choose the light dry mist in the blue can, or the delicate new powder in the white can. Either way, you get more than just a deodorant. You get an intimate odor preventive that's gentle as baby powder.



Vespré. The Intimate Odor Preventive.

*VESPRÉ IS A TRADEMARK OF PERSONAL PRODUCTS CO. ©PPC 1971

Four from a traveller's food diary



BY MAXIME McKENDRY

David Edge, an Englishman who lives in Tangiers, has wandered the world—grandly. A great discourser, much discussed, he eats adventurously, cooks greedily, collects a favourite recipe at every stop.

PASTILLA

In Tangiers, David Edge found this pigeon pie; it may be a relic of the Middle Ages. Pastilla is the Moroccan puff pastry; a good substitute is the frozen mille-feuille pastry found at a Greek food shop. Thaw pastry, and butter a large round metal platter. Spread one leaf of pastry on platter; paint with melted butter. Repeat until there are six layers. Sauté pigeons in butter and arrange on the pastry. Sprinkle liberally with cinnamon, sugar, and ground almonds. Add six more layers of pastry with butter. Seal pastry edges together, and cut a few gashes in top. Bake 25 minutes at 400°. Dust with sugar and cinnamon. Serve warm with hearts of lettuce salad and red wine.

SEGIDINGER GULASH

This dish, served in Transylvania and Hungary, is—said David Edge—The Only Proper Gulash and that includes its spelling. For six:

5 pounds lean pork leg
3 ounces lard
3 tablespoons caraway seeds
2 pounds Spanish onions, sliced
2 to 3 tablespoons Hungarian paprika
1 cup heavy cream
Chicken stock
Salt
Flour
4 pounds new potatoes

Remove all fat from pork, cut in large cubes, and dredge in salted flour. In a large iron casserole, sauté onions lightly in lard, turn heat to high and add meat. When pork is seared, add 1 pint chicken stock, cover tightly, and simmer ¾ hour. Then add paprika and caraway seeds, more stock if needed. Simmer 1 hour more, meat should be tender but still firm. Cool and store in a cool place 24 hours, to allow the taste to mature. (This is a trick David Edge uses often in his cooking.) Reheat slowly, add cream and heat gently—but do not boil. Serve with potatoes steamed in their jackets.

PASTA E FAGIOLI

A WINTER DISH FROM VENICE, AS COOKED BY DAVID EDGE.

1 pound fat bacon, diced
2 pounds onions, sliced

(Continued on page 31)

What manner of woman loves suede boots?
The girl in love with life.
Who needs real things. Real people.
Flowers. Movies that make
her cry. Who needs what's new.
Appreciates what's old.
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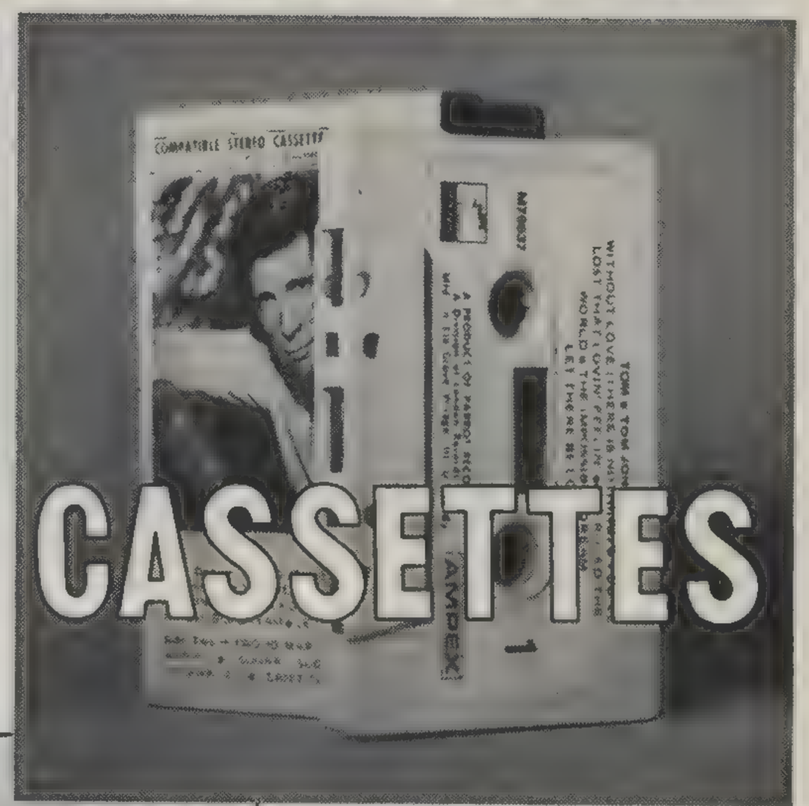
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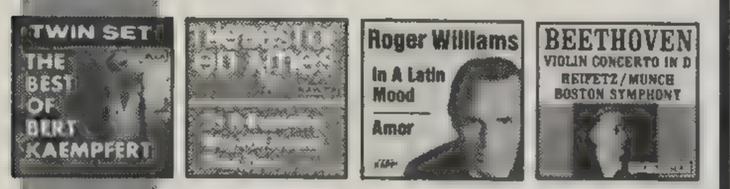
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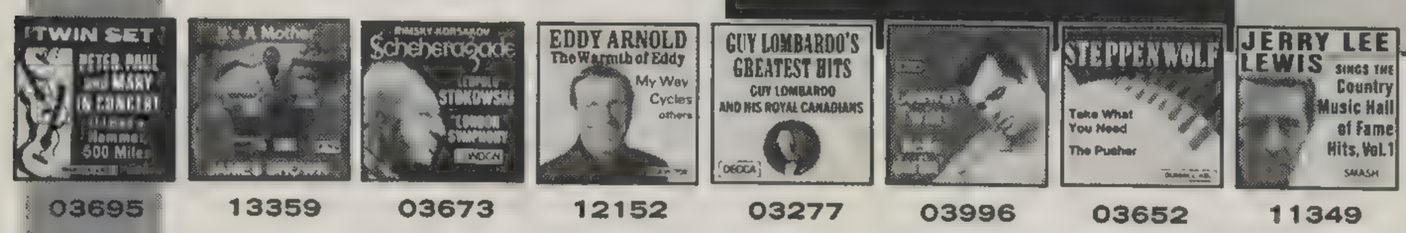
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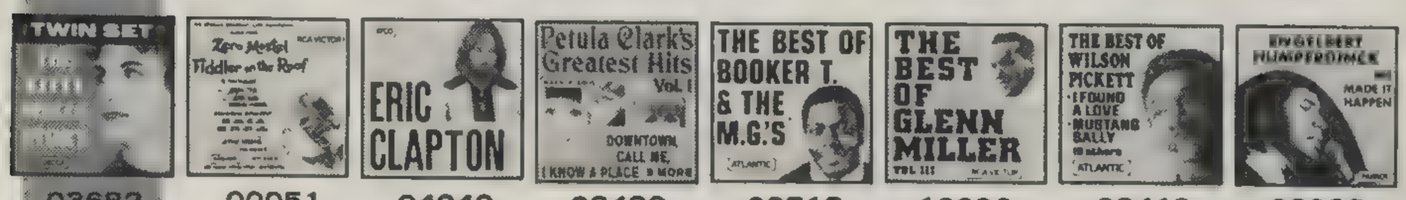
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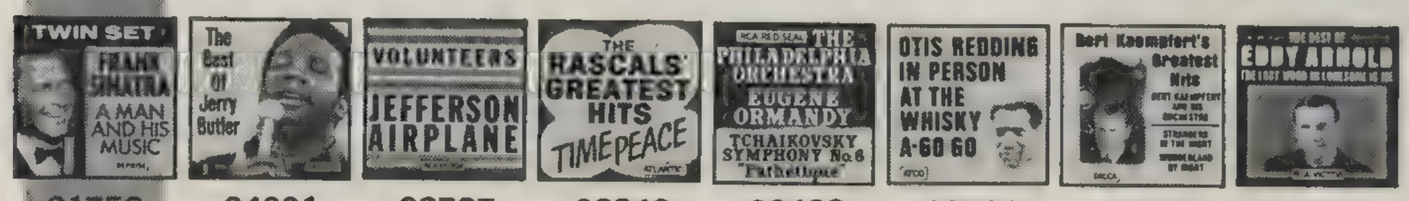
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Area Code

Limited to new members; Continental U.S.A. only; one membership per family.

S-76 T-2

VOGUE'S FOOD GAZETTE

(Continued from page 29)

2 pounds fresh tomatoes, skinned and seeded
2 small cans tomato paste
1 tablespoon chopped thyme
2 pounds fresh white beans (red pods)
Chicken stock
Salt, pepper
10 ounces pasta, any shape
Parmesan cheese, grated

Render bacon in a heavy skillet; remove bacon and sauté onions in bacon fat until tender. Combine onions and tomatoes in a large casserole; add tomato paste, beans, thyme, and 1 quart stock. Season well. Cook slowly; when beans are tender, add pasta and cook down to a mush. Add 6 ounces cheese and some of the cheese rind cut in thin strips. When thoroughly cooked, allow to stand, covered, 24 hours. The mixture will be a solid mass; reheat slowly, adding more stock. This should be served warm, not hot, in soup plates, with more cheese on top.

CUMBERLAND CHICKEN

DAVID EDGE'S ENGLISH GRANDMOTHER TAUGHT HIM THIS WAY TO STUFF A TENDER FARM CHICKEN: MIX FRESH BREAD CRUMBS AND FINELY CHOPPED HAM, SEASON WITH MARJORAM, THYME, PARSLEY, SALT, PEPPER, AND THE CHOPPED ZEST (THE COLOURED RIND) OF ORANGES AND LEMONS. ADD LIGHTLY BEATEN EGGS AND MELTED BUTTER TO BIND THE DRESSING—IT SHOULD BE RATHER WET AND MEALY. STUFF AND ROAST THE CHICKEN, BASTING OFTEN; SERVE WITH GREEN BEANS, TINY POTATOES, SALAD.

In Paris, le Comte de Beaumont has ordered oval dinner plates; each one serves two guests. The man on the right, a woman to his left, they'll eat two by two around the dinner table: a gastronomic bundling scene.

HALIBUT WITH CIDER AND TOMATOES

HERE'S VOGUE'S VERSION OF A FEBRUARY DISH FROM THE COOK'S CALENDAR PUBLISHED BY *THE TIMES* OF LONDON. FOR FOUR:

2 halibut steaks cut in half (about 1 ½ pounds)
Butter
1 onion, finely chopped
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
1 cup hard cider
1 lemon
½ pound tomatoes
Salt and freshly ground pepper
Parsley

Arrange fish in a buttered shallow baking dish. Slice ½ lemon; peel and slice tomatoes. Arrange lemon and tomato slices over fish. Sauté onion and garlic in 1 tablespoon butter until soft. Add cider and juice of ½ lemon; boil to reduce ½. Pour over fish; salt and pepper to taste. Bake until fish is flaky, about 15 minutes, at 350°. Sprinkle the fish with finely chopped parsley.

When it's a sandal kind of day.
A girl can tell. There's a certain feeling in the air. Maybe it's in the morning sun. The quiet plans with warm friends. Or just a welcome lull in a hustle-bustle week. Whatever it is, sandal days are good days. And Hush Puppies makes sandals that really happen. From $9.00 to $13.00.



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vogue's HORO-SCOPE

FROM FEBRUARY 15
THROUGH FEBRUARY 28

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



EDWARD KENNEDY

Born February 22, 1932, Senator Edward M. Kennedy is a Piscean, one whose sign shows compassion and the willingness to sacrifice, a gentle manner but unyielding strength and loyalty. He was born at the full moon, with a polarity that creates indecision. Ted Kennedy's chart indicates a super-sensitivity that might cause shyness, block candour. Being needed would free him to be useful. Vision is Pisces's best quality.

ARIES, March 21–April 20. A games player, when given a choice of position or office, you choose the one that gives you a chance to display showmanship and to express your prowess. "Excitement" is the key word; when the excitement wanes you move on to a new challenge. The solar eclipse late this month will have that effect—take you in search of a new goal. Your response to any challenge depends on how much will you can assert.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. In any organization, you know at once when the treasury is in trouble. You can turn losses into gains. Your amazing endurance is the reason, your quiet vanity the secret. Emergencies put you at your best. The solar eclipse late this month could be a difficult time if you are too assertive. A friend might be lost. You feel the need to keep control in any situation, manipulating tenaciously to gain full command.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. To submit to things or people robs you of that which is dear—self-determination. To be unburdened allows full play for your abilities. Once you have established communication by writing or performing, you outdistance the more deliberate types—your lightweight side is anchored. The solar eclipse in the fourth week tests you; conflicting elements may require advice. You measure progress through responses of others.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. Your quick responses and swift judgments make you good at business, but to avoid injury to your sensitive nature you seek pleasures obsessively as compensation. Exchange is your life. Your sense of when to buy or to sell takes over when you need new diversions. The solar eclipse during the last week may unlock a plan that has been jammed. Pass that problem to your partner to solve it to the best advantage.

LEO, July 24–August 23. You are able to find dramatic adventure in the business world. Hard-headed, you return to a business problem again and again, until you win. This goes for love as well. Those born in Leo demand submission (Continued on page 35)

Spring heels for busy you.
Since you are a wife, den mother, antique shopper, social engineer for the bridge club . . . Hush Puppies has created comfortable little heels to help you keep pace. Fashionably styled in smooth leather or suede pigskin. Colors galore. From $16.





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Teijin introduces Practically Perfect Hair.

From the mysterious East comes a mysterious new synthetic called Teijin Teviron. It's the most beautiful thing yet in bewitching wiggetry. And the closest thing yet to Nature's own, only better. Because Teijin Teviron is wash 'n wear hair with a flair that stays there. Till you change it. A great head of hair that goes where you go. Rolls up in your purse. Rinses out in the sink. Fluffs out, combs out, looks great straight or way out. (And won't change color no matter what.)

So what could be more perfect? Or practical? Or natural? Go maxi, go mini, midi and schmidi. With Teijin Teviron, you can afford to be frivolous. Look for the label. "Tāy-jĭn Tĕv-ē-rŏn." Fun to say. Fantastic to wear.

New **TEIJIN Teviron®**
VINYON

(It's wigcraft!)



TEIJIN TEIJIN LIMITED
TOKYO & OSAKA JAPAN

Continued from page 33

HOROSCOPE

but also fear it. At the solar eclipse, the last week, others hold you responsible in money matters. Your responsibility for others is the result of your willingness to dominate them.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. Virgo is critical, with an eye like a microscope that sees the flow—if any—in life and growth. At the solar eclipse the last week, your interests are opposed; but this may in the long run free you psychologically from a present impasse. Since your ruler has entered Aquarius, you are contemplating changes and improvements, perhaps through a change of venue. You won't consider reshuffling former methods.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. Those born in this sign need approval, the reflection of the self's power through the conquest of others. The person or thing conquered hardly matters. The solar eclipse in the fourth week will not be important to your Air sign; you need to stir the emotional waters of others. You may return to past relationships to assess your progress, sensing that you are about to take a new road. You could be right.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. Your target is a flawless performance and you make relentless demands on yourself. The solar eclipse in the fourth week starts a creative cycle for you that has far-reaching effects. This may not pay off for months, but the waiting will seem a pittance compared with the abundance of the results. Although yours is one of the three sensitive Water signs, you do not run from pain but meet it head on.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. You never impose your will on others to escape domination. You leave them free so you may enjoy the same privilege. For this the price is a lack of the conventional kinds of security. To underestimate you is a mistake for, keeping your distance from people, things, and ideas, you take time to make careful judgments. The solar eclipse the last week tells you what not to do. Avoid anticipation.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. Your need to remain aloof stems from fear of being controlled or monopolized. Privacy is prized. You deal with others according to the history they have made. If someone fails you, you do not become angry as Aries would, nor retaliate as Scorpio might; you withdraw your trust, never extend it again. The solar eclipse the last week brings information removing a burden you had planned to shoulder.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. The introduction of a new way that is faster and simpler, rather daring or unpredictable—that is the work of an Aquarian. They do not hunger after fame or money, freedom is too important. The solar eclipse in the last week affects your financial affairs, replenishes and increases affluence. Aquarians, the most social of the twelve zodiac groups, accumulate allies, measuring success by friendships.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Pisceans find refuge from the demands of their circumstances and other people by a continual exploration of any or every diversion. They add people, things, and ideas until every cranny of life is filled, no time left over for special efforts. They are chronic postponers who put off their dreams. Now the solar eclipse the fourth week gives you a real opportunity to work constructively toward your vision.

A case for the carefree career girl.

You've got to come off right. Clean. Crisp. Alive. So this spring, Hush Puppies take care of business in exciting fashion.

Classy entries in suede pigskin or smooth leather and Belgian linen. They're sure to work well with your working-girl wardrobe. About $17.





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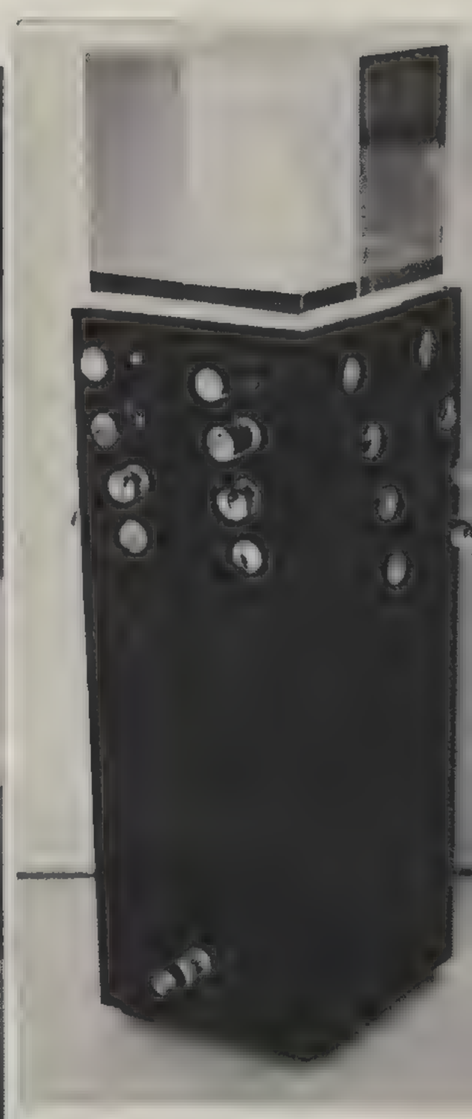
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The modular scene







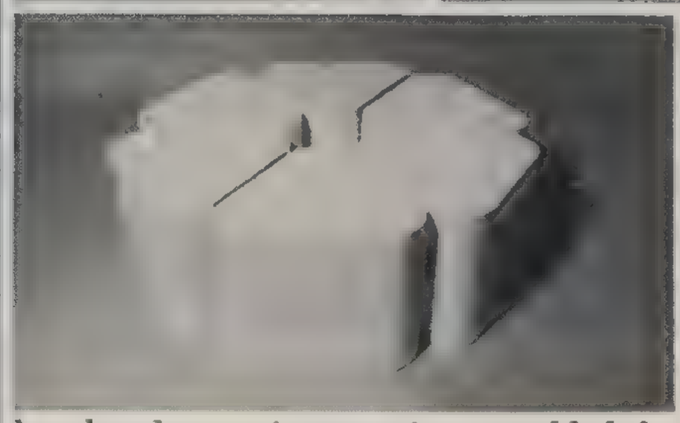
Tunnel chairs: The sculpture, *above,* is a stack of featherlight foam chairs vinyl-coated in yellow, orange, green, blue, red, or black. Modules designed by John Mascheroni for Mobi, to arrange in endless ways. $180 each. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y. **A fantasy for Pierre Cardin,** *above:* With the French designer in mind, Barbara D'Arcy of Bloomingdale's turned a dull room into a quiet, luxurious retreat, a cave of amazing proportions. Arches and walls, covered in grey flannel shading from light to dark, are inset with mirror shapes. A silver mylar mattress stretches invitingly on a serpentine platform in violet wool. Foam shapes, covered in violet and plum wools, cluster for random seating. Suspended on a steel pole, a flannel-covered table swings above the grey carpeting. John Harris designed the hanging clear Plexiglas casing for television. **Interplay I:** Paul Schuze's illusion, *below,* a blown-crystal sphere. Its textured exterior, cut by three polished planes, reveals the central bubble, creating an interplay of forms. $1,750. Steuben, 715 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Sculpture Lamp #5: A 30-watt reflector bulb in the black Plexiglas base of this 16″ high lamp, *above,* lights clear Plexiglas rods and the clear cube top. Colour filters may be slid between base and top. $110 with dimmer switch. Bahar Design Group, 27951 Cabot Rd., Laguna Niguel, Calif.









Tepper Collection, *above:* Unbreakable, lightweight, movable, comfortable, modular, handsome, inexpensive, moulded furniture in a new plastic that washes clean, looks, and feels like hard rubber. Terrific for indoor-outdoor living. Here, armless chair with red, grey, blue, or black suède-cloth cushions. $70. In black or white. Love seat, $195. Triangular tables, $20 each. By Spiros Zakas: Bloomingdale's, major stores in other cities.

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Sea gift, a cruise into irresponsibility

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

The TS "Bremen," on which I sailed not long ago, did me a great favour. She showed me the Hudson River at midnight, something I had not seen for many years. I stood up on the highest deck—and that's high, the "Bremen" is a large ship—and watched a silent glowing Manhattan slide by. And I saw all those new things rearing up out of Jersey, and the tugs and barges and ferries on the black river and the staggering buttress of lights that is the Battery, with Brooklyn glittering behind. It is, you know, one of the great harbour sights of the world.

And I saw Liberty: She has great black shadows under her eyes now, something new. General wear and tear, I suppose, like the rest of us. And finally the Verrazano Bridge, that long sparkling, happy span. Can a bridge be happy? The Verrazano is.

"The blue meadows of the Atlantic"

Then we sailed out on the black smooth sea, and I, feeling elated, went below and found my bed. It was an auspicious beginning. The next morning we were far out, treading the blue meadows of the Atlantic. I called for breakfast and ate it wandering around, examining the luxurious surprises of my cabin. I didn't know what time it was and didn't care; already that feeling of irresponsibility that is the prime gift of an ocean liner had taken hold of me. No matter what happened on land, I could do nothing about it. My commonplace, everyday guilts had evaporated.

I was on a cruise, my first; we were headed for sun, warm water, San Juan, St. Thomas. I put on a sweater and went out to explore.

The "Bremen" is a proper ship: no plastic anywhere. She has just now been extensively redecorated. And she is a steady place, her stabilizers really work, even when the winds of Hatteras come licking around.

She is stuffed with public rooms: ballrooms, writing rooms, dancing rooms, a theatre, a nightclub, swimming pools; someone told me there were nine bars, but I never found them all. One indeed was enough: It was only a leap away from my cabin, and it had a bartender who understood my situation at once—icy vodka in a champagne glass.

The food, as I found out at lunch and every other meal, is excessive—and first-rate. And it is served by good-humoured young stewards, an improvement, I must say, on the usual dour professionals. I supposed, in my innocence, that these were college students taking time off to bolster their finances, like waiters in summer resorts in America. I might have known better: Hapag-Lloyd trusts to nothing so haphazard as that. My steward, Franz, told me he was a graduate of three years in hotel school, where he had to learn everything from languages to how to bone a Dover sole.

"Invite your soul, or at least your digestion"

You are never at a loose end for something to do. From seven o'clock in the morning till four the next morning, you can be constantly occupied: exercises, bridge tournaments, dancing lessons, movies, vaudeville shows, religious services. Or, you can do what I did, stretch out in the sun on a deck chair and invite if not your soul at least your digestion. (I was eating too much.) Or, best of all, you can simply stand at the rail and indulge in that most desirable of pastimes, watching the sea and the clouds.

Travel of course is now one of the biggest businesses in the world, and cruising is one of its most amiable subsidiaries. Americans have taken to it, not just as one-shot speculations, they plan ahead from year to year. There were, on the "Bremen," a couple of hundred repeaters, who had made reservations as much as ten months in advance.

"A complete break with daily harassments"

It's not hard to see why. A cruise is a complete break from daily harassments. The frustrations of time and traffic and people disappear. It is as if, for a little while, one lived in that ideal, faraway small town (which probably never existed) where people were always friendly, the weather always good, pollution and violence unheard of. And where you were not constantly reminded of your responsibilities.

It's a neat trick to pull this off, and it is one that can not be left to chance. Irresponsibility—the pleasurable sort—can only be enjoyed in an atmosphere of complete discipline. The "Bremen," as is any good ship, is highly disciplined, but you are rarely aware of it. In fact, all of this would never have occurred to me if it had not been for a chocolate cake.

I was strolling around the promenade deck one night some time after ten, when I came upon a bevy of chefs laying out the spectacular evening buffet. I wasn't hungry, but I saw a tray of small cone-shaped chocolate cakes that looked irresistible. I said, "Those look good. May I have one?"

The pastry chef said, "No."

He pointed to his watch, smiled, and said, "10:30."

Of course he was right. He was not ready, the curtain had not gone up, the show had not yet started. I was proposing anarchy.

At 10:31 I could come back and exercise my irresponsibility by having half a dozen of the little cone-shaped chocolate cakes. I did.

The night in Puerto Rico and the day in St. Thomas make a pleasant break in the week's voyage. In San Juan I went to a sumptuous gambling hell where I observed one of our crew win eighty dollars, which was considerably better than I did. In St. Thomas I drove around, triumphantly avoided drinking a banana daiquiri, swam, and had lunch at The Contant Great House, a dandy new place, and bought a watch. I can't seem to stop myself from buying watches. But as this one cost only $6.75, no great harm was done.

"Lots and lots of caviar"

After such adventures it was a relief to get back on the ship and be among friends. For, of course, by now we were all of us friends, deathless friends. I spent the hour before dinner in my bar talking. We were joined by the ship's magician, who did things with a pack of cards right under my nose that I still don't believe.

I can remember leaning back in my chair then, looking out the long windows at a lighthouse blinking on a dark hill in Culebra, and thinking . . . what more can you ask.

Just then the magician reached across the table and from my breast pocket removed a bird, a large white dove, who stared and flapped its wings. *That's* what more I could ask, although I hadn't thought of it.

Have I forgotten anything? Well, yes. Caviar. There was lots and lots of caviar.

The "Bremen" sensibly spends the winter in the Caribbean making cruises of ten to sixteen days. From April 20 until the end of August she is on the transatlantic route. ▼

Francesca for DAMON



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FEBRUARY 15, 1971

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW



THE NEW READY-TO-WEAR FROM OVER THERE

Girls who really have it add to it everywhere, snapping up the good looks from all over the world. Paris. Spain. Italy. Nifty. . . . Like these printed knit knicker-jump and gaucho turnouts by Mirsa, skipping down the garden path of Rome's Villa Borghese. Like all the fast young fashions you'll find right away in this issue—wherever you are, right across the country, and for not too much money. . . . Knicker jumpsuit, in turquoise-pink-and-yellow wool knit, with a turquoise-striped turtleneck, about $110. Gauchos and coat, of pink-yellow-and-blue wool knit, with a pink-striped turtleneck, about $200. Both turnouts, at Lord & Taylor; Charles Sumner; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus. Vittoriana belts. Fendi shoulderbag. Boots by Dal Cò.

ELISABETTA CATALANO



GREAT NEW READY-TO-WEAR LOOKS FROM PARIS, ITALY, SPAIN

RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW

GIVENCHY NOUVELLE BOUTIQUE ***leads off*** with some of the most romantic looks ever loosed in the country, which is where Audrey Hepburn Dotti wears them—beautifully—here. And all across the country is where you'll find them, plus all the great looks coming up.

Spot checks and flounces, left: delicious little navy-and-white silk skirt flicking a hem-flounce over boots and tied snug on the waist over a narrow navy pull of ribbed silk jersey. Skirt, of Hurel fabric, about $195; pull, about $36. At Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Rich's; Marshall Field. Givenchy throatband.

Ombré organza, floaty and sheer, right: Audrey blooms in the prettiest dress of speckled violet organza with flounces at wrists and hem, little matching kerchief. Abraham silk organza. About $350. At Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne; Higbee's; Marshall Field; Gump's. . . . Another Givenchy that's ready to wear anytime, all the time—L'Interdit perfume.

AUDREY HEPBURN DOTTI

HENRY CLARKE



SAINT LAURENT RIVE GAUCHE
is the name. Stands for lots of smash and dash in the city noted for same. Here are the good looks, stateside now. . . . ***On the shorts circuit,*** right, Bermuda-length wool knit —narrow, narrow, narrow, like little sleeves on the leg— with a matching red-and-blue-striped pull, pale-blue-and-orange-striped cotton tank top, red stockings, and wedgies. ***Havington's*** the gamine, with the haircut Vidal Sassoon named after her. Turnout, about $65.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY





SHORTS AND PLEATS FROM PARIS

READY TO WEAR
HERE AND NOW

Pleated above-the-knee shorts, left, in plum crêpe, plus a creamy silk crêpe shirt, long brown-black-white checked wool blazer—the perfect all-spring turnout . . . worn here by traffic-stopper ***Maria Kimberley,*** due soon in a new movie, *Traffic*. . . . Blazer, about $165; shorts, about $90; shirt, about $45.

Soft swing of kilted pleats, above, and Maria again. Hip-stitched crêpe pleats in taupe-rust-beige-and-black stripes—skirt to a rust-and-black shirt with miles of chiffon scarf. About $290.

Both pages: all at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York; Bonwit Teller, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago; Sakowitz, Houston; Rive Gauche, Beverly Hills. Skirt and shirt, above, also at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. Yves Saint Laurent shoes, at Bloomingdale's.

HENRY CLARKE

SONIA RYKIEL adds it all up, this page, with shrinky little pullovers and long skirts for all the pretty girls who love to live in knits . . . like ***Diane de Monbrison,*** at left, in a tummy-baring pullover of cream-coloured knit banded in rust, purple, and cream, with a purple linen skirt. Wool top, about $42; skirt, about $30. Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. ***Sheron Rathscheck,*** at right, young Canadian ballerina now living and dancing in Paris, wears Rykiel's tiny little top of palest beige wool and matching skirt with big patch pockets right above the knee. Top, about $42; skirt, about $72. Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Straw hats by Jean Charles Brosseau. Andrea shoes. Carita hairpieces. ***UNGARO has a fly-front chemise,*** far right, of beige suède, with great big pockets and plackets . . . button right up, walk right out. Worn here by ***Marika Green,*** of the movie *La Fille d'en face*. Dress, about $135. Bonwit Teller, S'fari Room; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Canvas boots by Maud Frizon. Carita coiffure. Both pages photographed near Avignon, on the grounds of La Chartreuse de Bonpas.



KNITS AND SUÈDES FROM PARIS

READY TO WEAR
HERE AND NOW



HENRY CLARKE

VOGUE, February 15, 1971

APPLIQUÉD LEATHER FROM PARIS

READY TO WEAR
HERE AND NOW



MAC DOUGLAS's Western leathers, left: mottled Bordeaux-red jeans of velvety lambskin . . . buttery chamois T-shirt with an appliqué Bordeaux heart . . . buttery chamois jacket with a mottled Bordeaux-and-grey lambskin butterfly on the back—Sheron Rathscheck's the girl who pulls it all together here. T-shirt, about $50; jeans, about $90: Henri Bendel. Jacket, about $95: Bloomingdale's. ***DANIEL HECHTER's leggy leathers,*** above: that's Sheron again, in the butterfly appliqué, and Diane de Monbrison in the rust canvas boots, wearing short shorts and Indian-head appliquéd shirt, both of rust reversed calf and very spiffy. Shirt, about $105; shorts, about $30. Henri Bendel. Both pages: Maud Frizon boots; Carita coiffures; photographed at La Chartreuse de Bonpas, near Avignon.



HENRY CLARKE



SHORT PANTS, LONG PANTS FROM PARIS—

READY TO WEAR
HERE AND NOW

COURRÈGES's new white pants, left, are slightly gathered around a wide waistband, belted in narrow black patent, and worn with a tiny C-initialled T-shirt of white-banded pale-blue knit . . . and smashing on Sheron Rathscheck. Pants of Dralon and wool, about $165; shirt of acrylic knit, about $35. At Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Courrèges shoes. Setting: La Chartreuse de Bonpas. ***ANDRÉ LEDOUX chops pants,*** above, into a mere peek of short shorts under a side-slit belted smock—both in pretty wallpaper-print cotton of small orange-and-ink-blue flowers. That's Sheron again, toting the loaves through Fort St. André, Villeneuve-lès-Avignon. Turnout, about $60. At Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. Hat by J. C. Brosseau. Belt by Martine Murat. University sandals. Carita coiffures.



GIVENCHY NOUVELLE BOUTIQUE's blue-denimy voile smock, near right, like a Normandy peasant's, scarfed and belted over matching pants. The pretty blonde is Diane de Monbrison, walking the paths of Fort St. André, Villeneuve-lès-Avignon. Cotton voile fabric by Lesur. About $200. Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz. Sandals: Mancini for Givenchy. Coiffure by Carita.

MITZOU's knickers for forest or avenida, opposite top: in creamy beige buckskin bloused over the knee, with a little buckskin weskit and pale silk shirt. Turnout, about $130. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin. Shoes by Maud Frizon, Paris.

PERTEGAZ's highland gypsy, opposite below: brown-beige-and-red wool Glen plaid shawl wrapped over a matching two-piece dress that's belted and pleated like a kilt. Fabric by Bosch. About $250. At I. Magnin.

HENRY CLARKE

FROM PARIS AND SPAIN, ROMANTIC LOOKS OUT IN THE DAY

READY TO WEAR HERE AND NOW

The lithe little knits from MISSONI are here—skirts and pullovers in clear fresh jacquard patterns, mixed this way and that and ready to go all day, all spring. Right: ***Carol André,*** pretty young film actress, next in *The Tulips of Haarlem*, wears smooth stripes over crinkly stripes in soft spring pinks, violets, greens, yellows. Knitted rayon top, about $40; plissé skirt, about $150. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Battelstein's; Frost Bros. Mortarotti shoes.

Carol's up a tree in sheer rayon knit, far right—pleated skirt and tiny little sleeveless pull over a shirt in contrasting patterns of rust, brown, and yellow. Skirt, about $125; shirt, about $55; top, about $25. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland: Battelstein's; Frost Bros. Hat by Canessa.

The stripes go around on top, up and down on the skirt, below—both of linen and nylon, in black, green, yellow, and pink. Top, about $65; skirt, about $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Battelstein's; Frost Bros. He wears Testa's dark-green-and-beige jacquard jersey sweater and pants. At Jackie Rogers. Olivier coifs. Background: the garden of Villa Chigi, at Castel Fusano.

MISSONI'S NEW JACQUARD-PATTERNED KNITS FROM ITALY

READY TO WEAR HERE AND NOW





THE MISSONI KNITS FROM ITALY

READY TO WEAR HERE AND NOW



Carol André again, in more of ***MISSONI's marvellous knits***—easy little pullovers and skirts you can put together so many ways, so many days this spring. Like the patterned pink rayon knit pullover, above, that Carol belts over the crinkly-stripe skirt you saw last page. Top, about $65; skirt, about $150. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Battelstein's; Frost Bros. Mortarotti shoes. His belted beige shirtcoat and pants, from Samo. About $185. At Barra of Italy. Fiorio print scarf.

Carol's in a rick-racky rainbow of stripes, left—yellow, orange, green, red, white on a V-necked pullover and matching skirt, of linen and nylon. Pullover, about $60; skirt, about $65. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Battelstein's; Frost Bros. He wears a belted Saharian cotton suit by Samo. About $85. At Barra of Italy. Hat by Canessa. Carol's coiffures by Olivier. Photographed at Castel Fusano, in the garden of Villa Chigi.

HENRY CLARKE



Hurrah for long spring days
of skirts and tops that send you to
town every day looking great . . .
and MILA SCHÖN knows how you like them: at left, her
swingy pleated blue wool crêpe skirt
and matching top with salt-and-
pepper zigzags and cowboy
scarf. Verzoletto fabric. About
$450. Martha; Neiman-Marcus.
Eyeglasses by Piave for
Mila Schön. Shoes by Luini.
MILA SCHÖN's beautiful little Panama-beige silk shirt,
far left, with gold-and-enamel
buttons, belted in blue suède over a
matching slit skirt. Fabric by
Taroni. Martha; Neiman-Marcus.
Bulgari chains. Both pages:
suède hats by Mila Schön;
stockings by Velca.
Photographed in the Villa
Borghese gardens in Rome.

ALL-DAY SKIRTS AND TOPS FROM ITALY

READY TO WEAR HERE AND NOW





THREE FULL DAYS FROM ITALY—
READY TO WEAR HERE AND NOW

What could be more romantic than a pretty girl wrapped in a long swoopy cape . . . ***AVAGOLF does it,*** above, in navy wool jersey, stripes it in yellow, adds a tasselled hood, and puts it over a lilac-topped navy-and-yellow jumpsuit. The pretty girl here is ***Christiana Bedogni,*** perched on the wall along the Appian Way. . . . Turnout, about $375. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Coiffure: Alba. Makeup by Maria of Alba. ***GALITZINE belts a brown-and-white sleeveless jacket over a matching slit skirt and brown silk shirt,*** near right, for your all-day spring suit—a marvellous way to look with a big brown hat, brown stockings, and brown suède shoes; here, on the stairs to the Quirinale Square in Rome. Suit, of Nattier fabric, about $450. At Martha; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Shoes by Mario Valentino. ***A soft little navy wool crêpe coat from CAUMONT,*** far right, can be your everyday wrap-up this spring—perfect over a belted crêpe de Chine dress in a petits-pois print of red-blue-yellow-and-white on navy. Turnout, about $300. At Boutique Veneziano; Nan Duskin. Canessa hat. Sebastian shoes.

HENRY CLARKE



SUPER PUT-TOGETHERS IN SUÈDE AND KNIT FROM ITALY

READY TO WEAR HERE AND NOW

VALENTINO knows what's what, like these nifty little suèdes and knits, what? Soft and bright, just what's right on leggy girls like Leigh Taylor-Young. What's up with her is *The Horsemen,* latest flick, due July. . . . ***Beige reindeer suède suit,*** above left: cartridge pleats on a short jacket, soft skirt. . . . ***Leigh's T'd and V'd,*** above, in Valentino's stripe-sleeved white T-sweater and V-scattered skirt in navy knit, great studded cork sandals. Turnout of wool-and-polyester knit. About $160. . . . ***The short short suède jumpsuit,*** near right: chrome yellow chopped off and zipped up over a navy ribbed wool turtleneck. Jumpsuit, about $165; sweater, about $28. . . . ***Swing suède cape, short suède shorts,*** far right: Leigh's legging it in red-hot red with a turtleneck underneath and banded suède boots—terrific. Cape, about $450; sweater, about $65; shorts, about $100. . . . Both pages: all at Boutique Valentino; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Claire Pearone; Frost Bros.; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Valentino boots and sandals. Leigh's coiffures by Marc Sinclair.

BERT STERN



LEIGH TAYLOR-YOUNG



THE NEW YORK COLLECTIONS EVENING REPORT

It's the springtime of evenings. They're fresh as the year. Fast....Languorous....Shimmery....Moving....Bold with clear print....Lots of long silken fringe. A different look, a different you this night, that. And, on these and the next ten pages, all the ravishing ways and whys.

HAROLD LEVINE's shawled white crêpe, left, a bare-shouldered fall designed by Don Breitinger, with deep soft pleats swaying beneath a large languorous shawl banded and fringed in peach—it's the dress that could start your spring perfectly, and just about every other season of the year, too. Of Avisco acetate and Avisco rayon (Onondaga fabric). About $315. Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Maison Blanche; J. L. Brandeis. Sandals by Golo.

STAVROPOULOS's shawl of shawls, right, Spanish and flowered and dripping with thick ivory silk fringe; you wear it with an ivory jersey sweater, shining gold belt, red legs—and feel so adorable wearing it you want to go dancing every night. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Choker by R. F. Clark for William de Lillo, at Bonwit Teller. Ring by Joan Blumenthal. Danskin tights. Shoes by Herbert Levine. Bernard Abrams pompons. Both coiffures by Suga, the one at right arranged with a Tovar-Tresses fall.

...Now, for a couple of especially ravishing ways to keep looking as adorable as you feel: Re-Moisturizing Lipstick in a shade called Chilled Cherry, and Soft Pressed Eye Shadow, this in Fresh Turquoise—both by Clinique.

PENN



GOLDEN KNIT AND SHINING PAISLEY

ADOLFO'S gold knit knickers, near right, and ribby tunic to match, shining far into the night wherever dinner and dancing and parties take you—shoulderbag swinging, rings flashing, boots bubbling over with gold. Turnout, crocheted in silk and wool with Lurex threads. About $325. Saks Fifth Avenue. Alexis Kirk rings. Sash: Sophia Rosoff for Genesis. Bagatelle bag.

TRIGÈRE'S sheer print chemise, far right, a long glistening fall of pink Paisley that's slashed and scarfed and heaven to wear. In rayon with metallic threads (Staron fabric). About $495. At Martha; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Amelia Gray. K.J.L. bracelets. Christian Dior tights. Both pages: earrings by R.F. Clark for William de Lillo; boots and sandals by Golo; coiffures by François of Kenneth. Makeup by Kenneth.





PENN

WHITE RUSSIAN KNICKERS AND PAISLEY WINGS

TEAL TRAINA's knicker jump, left, pure smash in chalk-white crêpe—sash it with gold, boot it with white, fling a great Cossack cape over as you go, and you've carte blanche any night, anywhere. Scarfed jumpsuit, of Avisco acetate and Avisco rayon (Onondaga fabric). About $165. Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Earrings by Cadoro. Rings by Alexis Kirk, Larry Vrba for Castlecliff. Belt: Sophia Rosoff for Genesis. Boots: Walter Steiger for Pancaldi. Coiffure by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

BILL BLASS veils Paisley with Paisley, right—purple and orange organza winging over the arms, drifting down at each side of a ravishing long print dress. Of Pomezia silk. About $445. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's. Necklace by Rita De Lisi for Narcissa. Alexis Kirk ring. Belt: Hanae Mori Boutique. Wig arranged by Christopher Brooker of Vidal Sassoon.

PENN

THE NEW YORK
COLLECTIONS
EVENING REPORT





THE NEW YORK
COLLECTIONS
EVENING REPORT

PRINT, PRINT, PRINT

ADELE SIMPSON's bright, clear print, left, scarfed at the neck, smocked at the waist, and all in sheer billowy voile—so you just blow off to dinner on bright-red legs with a fringed shawl in another print. Cotton voile dress, about $185. Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's, Michigan; Godchaux's; Frost Bros.; J. W. Robinson. Earrings by Cadoro. Shawl by Best of Three Worlds. Rings by Alexis Kirk, Vince Pasacane. Tights by Phoenix. Shoes by Charles Jourdan.

BEN REIG's flower-ribbon stripes, right, on a white chiffon shirtdress with rosebuds and shimmery gold that shines in the night whether you wear it under furs or a skyful of stars. In silk; about $485. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Alexis Kirk earrings and rings. Odyssey necklace. Coiffures by François of Kenneth.

THE NEW YORK
COLLECTIONS
EVENING REPORT



PATTERN ON PATTERN, RUFFLES AND FLOUNCES

OSCAR DE LA RENTA BOUTIQUE's bare-shouldered long cotton dress, left, with sleeves shirred at the wrists, flouncy peplum, lots of red and black flowers tossed in this pattern and that—the kind of dress that makes you want to throw a party just so you can show it off. About $165. Late March, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; The Denver; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Choker and bracelet by Oscar de la Renta. Coiffure by Suga.

ADELE SIMPSON's puff-sleeved calico, right, blowing blue flowers on white, white ones on blue—all it takes to make any evening fresh as summer even when the whole world's deep in snow. Cotton calico, about $275. Martha; Jacobson's, Michigan; Carson Pirie Scott; Hovland-Swanson; Joseph Magnin. Earrings by R. F. Clark for William de Lillo. Rings by Joan Blumenthal, R. F. Clark for William de Lillo. Coiffure by Ara Gallant.



PENN



BLACK AND WHITE, COVERED TO THE WRISTS

OSCAR DE LA RENTA's black chiffon pleats, left—hundreds of them springing free from under the peplum of a ruffly plunging white lace top, and all so fresh and romantic you could dine out on it any night of the year. Embroidered cotton organdie (George Richardson fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Bracelet by Oscar de la Renta.

DONALD BROOKS spills white tassels over black crêpe, right—a dress you don't have to think twice about; just put it on and have a wonderful time, anywhere. Celanese acetate and rayon (Onondaga fabric). About $410. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Maison Blanche; Swanson's; Marie Leavell.

OSCAR DE LA RENTA's gored chemise in black wool crêpe, far right, that makes you feel relaxed and sure and sexy—just what you've always wanted a black dress to do. Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. About $260. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Frost Bros.; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Coiffures, both pages: Franklyn Welsh.



CHANEL

1883-1971

... HER INDOMITABLE SPIRIT, LOGIC, AND
FORESIGHT SWEPT THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD
OUT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—
STRAIGHT INTO THE TWENTIETH.

THREE EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.
RIGHT: COCO CHANEL IN LONDON—ABOUT 1938.











CHANEL

...RIGOROUS DISCIPLINE TO THE VERY END

LEFT: ON THE FAMOUS MIRRORED STAIRCASE IN THE RUE CAMBON.
ABOVE: IN THE SALON OF HER APARTMENT FILLED WITH BOOKS, BRONZES, FRIENDS, AND FLOWERS.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

MARIN ON MARIN

EDITED BY CLEVE GRAY

A grouchy innocent, one of the all-time greats of American art, John Marin is now the subject of a major retrospective at the Whitney Museum in New York from February 18 through March 28. Marin, who died in 1953 at the age of eighty-two, prized the French Impressionists but hated foreigners, loathed intellectuals, was more fiercely modern than he cared to admit. (This photograph of him was taken by Irving Penn in 1948.) A talkative painter whose ideas and spelling tended to sprawl across notebooks, he was a ferocious enemy of abstract art, yet his energetic watercolors of sun and sky anticipated Jackson Pollock. His testy observations about himself, his work, and his art have been put together in a book, *John Marin by John Marin*, edited by Cleve Gray and published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, from which these excerpts have been taken.

ART IS NOT SO EASY—IT TAKES ALL A MAN'S GOT—IT TAKES ALL A MAN'S GOT TO MAKE IT—TO HAVE THE LOOK OF EASINESS.

—The beautiful lonesomeness—
of
a work of art
and
it is only the lonesome ones who can feel it

Draw it carefully in your mind
Then write it down quickly
in other words to draw a hand you see it before putting it down
then write it down quickly under the spell of seeing Everything
is to be rhythmic

I hate lines drawn with a brush [in oil paint]—they are not strong enough. In watercolor lines are easy—you draw your lines with a pencil. Do you know how I sometimes make lines with oil paint? I fill up a glass ear syringe with diluted oil paint—usually black paint—and while I press on the plunger I draw—It's like using a pencil—you can put down a definite line.

What a wonder thing—seeing
What a life—seeing

When man walks nature is with him
When men walk nature foresakes them.

That's the first time I've used rose madder—squeezed it right out of the tube. I like the feel of paint—the drag of the brush across the tooth of the canvas. A painting is something made of P-A-I-N-T paint oozing over the canvas—there's painting and then there's paint-ing.

To produce this—work of art—you have to have the artist—to produce—This artist must be warm and comfortable must have his belly well filled must live in a state of comparative peace. When these conditions are not the work has not a sustained level of serenity and all works of art though full of life have this serenity...

So that is why I say that to produce one's best—one had better be comfortable with all the doors locked and the fire burning brightly—and to have a big watchdog to guard against the fanatics of the world.

My Ancestors were the best—English Ale—Dutch bitters—French Vermouth and plain Scotch.

My Ancestors came over in a boat hired especially for the occasion as the—Mayflower—oh we considered it overcrowded.

Blessed be the restricted herd.
All of us who can be are fence jumpers.

I am a Small town Gink with a small town disposition
I'll insist on being an old Fashioned Critter
but the town must be of my choosing
the critters in this town of my choosing too
and since I cannot bring this about—I don't belong anywhere.

In order for man to get about easily he must pitch overboard all his art Straighten out all his roads—cut down all the trees—level the mountains and fill up the streams.

Supposing a man from another planet who had never seen a flower and he was shown a flower—he could say—"I don't know what it is—but OH I LIKE IT"—

To close one's eyes to the seeings on this Earth—
to specialize in a limited seeing—that one is not for me
and that limited seeing full of distortion—nothing
recognizable—that you've never really seen with love.
If you are really a lover—you don't escape—you just love
and have to do about it—

Fewer strokes—still fewer strokes—fewer strokes must count—
A full mellow ring to each stroke.

There must be an Element of bigness
I am painting pictures
landscapes
Trees—rocks—grass—water
why not? It's nobody's business—and if I like to go a fishing—
what then—
Does one have to set a pace
Does one have to be great
Does one have to try and jump farther or higher than someone else—

PENN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Tap dancing, 1925, "I Want to be Happy," Ruby Keeler, the Busby Berkeley Girls, "Tea for Two," a crush of pretty girls, these are the delectable elements of the new 1925 musical, *No, No, Nanette*. Out front, Ruby Keeler *(left)* and her taps, which are airy, complex, distinct, a pulse of delight. Busby Berkeley's Girls *(below)* look beautiful, disdainful, and walk like angels. The Vincent Youmans score is like a swift sweep of forsythia. Now, Susan Watson as Nanette has the rôle that Louise Groody once danced. The book has a plot like a trampoline, only good for bouncing off. Back in 1925, Calvin Coolidge was in the White House, the stock market careened up, the movies couldn't talk, Texas Guinan ran her speakeasy with a line of girls, Al Capone and friends were accused of killing Peg-Leg Lonergan and two friends at the Adonis Social Club in Brooklyn the day after Christmas, and some of the *Scandals'* show girls got Rolls-Royces on opening nights. Nobody had a care.

YES, YES, NANETTE



TARO

A TAKE-OVER DEAL

Martin Gottfried looks at New York's ridiculous theatre, now Tarot-turned

For five years at least, a band of unusually faithful New York *cognoscenti* has been following the productions of what surely would have been Hamlet's favourite theatre. This theatre is in fact *two* theatres, The Play-House of the Ridiculous and its splinter sister, The Ridiculous Theatrical Company; and they couldn't be more aptly named. They are deliriously ridiculous and tacky Baroque, combining the broad performances of silent movies with the extravagant plotting of melodrama.

Their work is camp of course, derisive and affectionate, but it is more. It is a reaction to the sterile artistic pretensions of Off-Off-Broadway as much as it is a parody of artificial theatre, past and present. From the early *Indira Gandhi's Daring Device* to the brand-new *The Grand Tarot,* they revive the theatre of the *show:* colourful costumes, flamboyant staging, theatre as entertainment rather than as art or social comment or revolution. Certainly, there is an element of forced freakiness and self-contempt in the joy, an element sadly familiar in flamboyantly homosexual behaviour. But the cheer is real and it is contagious.

Ronald Tavel, who originated the idea with The Play-House of the Ridiculous, and Charles Ludlam, who is maintaining it at the more active Ridiculous Theatrical Company, are the principal playwrights of the genre, celebrators of the outrageous pun, the senseless rhyme, the mindless plot. They added obscenity, sexuality, and nudity, but with grace-saving innocence and abandon. Finally, they restored to the theatre its most unfashionable treasure—language in the grand style.

Ludlam's production of *Bluebeard* has been running for a year now, and I have enjoyed it at locales as diverse as a conference of theatre educators, an ultra-gay bar, and the Gotham Art Theatre on West 43rd Street, which has become a kind of home for Ludlam's company. Ludlam wrote and directed *Bluebeard* as a faithful version of the old Charles Laughton movie *Island of Lost Souls.* His claim of fidelity is half-serious (no more, no less), though by any reckoning the production is hopelessly bizarre. The scientist has become Baron Khanazar von Bluebeard, played by Ludlam himself with outrageous panache in a royal-blue beard and matching pubic hair, his costumes ranging from a fez and bathrobe to bottomless fringed panties. The Baron is a (need I say) mad doctor, dedicated to inventing a new genital, and he practises this operation on every visitor to his island, just as he has done with his employees—the half-monster Sheemish; Lamia, the Leopard Woman; and the housekeeper Mrs. Maggot. They have all been visitors to his laboratory (laBOR-atory), "The House of Pain."

While presenting *Bluebeard* on weekends, Ludlam had been refining his new production, *The Grand Tarot,* which opened earlier this month. It shows him moving away from the ridiculous idea in search of more serious styles. *Tarot* does have some elements of the tradition and it has magnificently garish costumes, but in sifting the Tarot deck, its realization of those fabled characters and its excessive identification of the Fool card with Christ are too ornate and literary and without self-mockery. Ludlam's complex ambitions for this production are admirable; and considering the anti-verbal tendencies of modern theatre companies, it is healthy to have his literary-theatrical inclinations about.

But it is sad to find the artists of the ridiculous abandoning the genre as soon as they master it, first Tavel and now Ludlam. One can hardly ask these clever theatre people to restrict themselves to one style and company, but then, Molière managed. The New York theatre would be very poor indeed without their blithe showmanship and refreshing exuberance. Too many of us abandon our ridiculous heritage to follow the flickering star of seriousness.



JACK ROBINSON

THE RETURN OF GREAT CARDS

Part of the revival of the Tarot cards, here are fantastic characters photographed and sketched as the cards they play in two New York productions based on that ancient fortune-telling deck. *At the top:* Three from *The Grand Tarot* (reviewed here by Martin Gottfried), heavenly follies directed and written by Charles Ludlam who also appears as the Holy Fool in the card of the Last Judgment, Black-Eyed Susan as the High Priestess, and Lola Pashalinski as the Empress. *Right:* The Rubber Duck, sketched playing the Fool blossoming into a butterfly at the end of his version of *Tarot,* a ballet-masque with rock music performed by the Chelsea Center Theater of Brooklyn.



THE HIGH PRIESTESS



THE EMPRESS

JOE EULA

Tarot takeoff, a new game that strips off psychic layers,

by James M. G. Norwood

A Renaissance noble, having bought a pack of the famous Venetian Tarot, wrote at the end of the sixteenth century, "It is the game of sages and fools, a mirror of the world's follies, containing all human wisdom." Seventy-eight cards of uncertain origin but extraordinary powers: the persistent puzzle of the Tarot. Appearing suddenly, inexplicably at the end of the Middle Ages, Tarot, according to folk legend, was rescued by the gypsies and brought to Europe to preserve the ancient Egyptian mysteries. Nineteenth-century Romantics saw in the cards a key to the Grail legend, later historians found surprising links that stretched back to the prehistoric religions of China, India, and Persia. Truly, "a mirror of the world's follies, containing all human wisdom."

At first glance, for someone who has not seen them, the Tarot cards seem more like a highly-coloured mediaeval children's book than the legendary Book of Thoth, the magic formulary of the Egyptian Hermes Trismegistus who is at the centre of occult studies. (Arthur E. Waite's "mystical deck" with the rich drawings by Pamela Colman Smith is perhaps the best set of the cards readily available in this country, although beautiful facsimile editions of old decks may be found in France and Italy.) Fifty-six of the cards, the Lesser Arcana, survive in modern bridge decks. Cups become hearts; wands, diamonds; swords, spades; pentacles, clubs. The Joker alone retains his original form. The traditional patterns for (Continued on page 126)



MICK JAGGER; THE STONES' CONCERT AT ALTAMONT, CALIFORNIA

GIMME SHELTER

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Gimme Shelter, the Maysles brothers' "documentary" about the Altamont rock festival, is well worth seeing, even if one has never heard of Altamont and detests rock. But it falls short of its potential subject, and its failure, I think, is essentially analytical. To understand the deeper implications of Altamont, it is necessary to read the long piece in *Rolling Stone* of January 21, 1970, as well as the fascinating testimonies edited by Jonathan Eisen and published as an Avon paperback called *Altamont: Death of Innocence in the Woodstock Nation*.

What emerges from these reports is the traumatic impact Altamont has had on the American counter-culture. Woodstock had produced euphoria among the young—a confirmation of powers, a surging belief in the omnipotence of inherent goodness and spontaneous brotherhood. The free concert offered by the Rolling Stones at Altamont was devised on the Woodstock theory and held only four months later. But it was marked by manipulation, fear, violence, and killing. It meant the collapse of a millennial dream and set off intense self-reassessment within the drop-out society.

Too little of this is evident in the film. The Maysles brothers, with their colleague Charlotte Zwerin, are gifted practitioners of what is misleadingly called *cinéma vérité*. This means trailing around after real people and recording their unpremeditated words and actions. The term is misleading because (like the word "documentary") it implies that here is the raw truth as against the hoked-up fictions of theatrical films. But obviously all we see on the screen is a small amount culled from a vast amount shot; selection requires choice; choice means interpretation. *Cinéma vérité* is no less subjective than theatrical films and may be more deceptive because of the pretense of authenticity.

Gimme Shelter is aurally and visually an exciting film. At the beginning the Stones are watching, in perplexity and perhaps in guilt, the rushes of Altamont, trying to figure out what went wrong. Then a series of bold images condense their American tour before Altamont. Soon we see the preparations for Altamont; the ominous introduction of the Hell's Angels, the motorcycle thugs used to keep order; the Angels doing their own thing —i.e., beating other people up; Mick Jagger pleading for control; finally, a sharp scuffle in the crowd, soon disclosed in slow motion as killing.

But, despite the dazzle of technique, the dramatic content could hardly be more old-fashioned. The conflict is perceived as between the Stones (good) and the Angels (bad) with the crowd as innocent victims. Is it all that simple? The *Rolling Stone* article and the Eisen book give far more ambiguous accounts.

They are highly critical of the

Parsifal

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

"IN THE CAVE OF OURSELVES"



RARE 1850 SET SKETCH BY RICHARD WAGNER

We can not imagine the shape, the substance of a day in Victorian England, nor the quiet isolation of our own countryside even fifty years ago. Everything good is bought with the blood of someone's lack, someone's wretchedness. And so we are propelled onward, gaining and losing, building and destroying. Some try to hold a little here, save something there, to preserve, to remember; but the preserver is himself shaped out of losses and impatience. All of his little motors of need are running in his flesh just as they are running through the electric current in his house.

"To have time," in the personal sense, is to have an emptiness, an absence, a failure of diversion. Something is withheld from you, and this nothingness gives you time. No amount of money can buy it, and so it is fortunate that few want it. Quite the opposite: Our bodies would not be prepared, our souls and our vanity even less.

It is a jolt, not easy by any means, to find oneself suddenly at the Metropolitan Opera House for Wagner's *Parsifal*. This splendid, wonderfully successful new production is, like all the others before it since 1882, over four hours long. It is a static, contemplative work; its intensities are inward and abstract. The wound of Amfortas is not an ache, a sickness, a casualty but the universal unhealed wound of existence. It is healed by the touch of a spear, the instrument of wounds. In a moment of dazzling modern technology, we see a flash of silvery movement—the spear, flung across the stage by Klingsor, is, with the speed of light, shining in Parsifal's hand. For the rest, we look inward, led by the music, into the cave of ourselves.

In this production, and I understand also in Bayreuth, the stage is quite dark throughout. Even the final Good Friday light is only a long, thin stream of whiteness in the shadows. In this way we are at a further remove from the usual involvement with the action on the stage. There is wisdom enough in this, since *Parsifal* can only be as it is; it is one of those works of art that will not budge to accommodate current taste. There is no way to move it. You must surrender, submit, call upon some sense of motionless in yourself. That is, if you want to be there for Redemption.

At *Parsifal* one must conquer time, or leave, as many do, say-

TALKING ABOUT

Stones—for their money games and ego trips; for the sloppiness of the Altamont planning; for using the Angels as security guards; for delaying their own appearance until they could make a sufficiently dramatic entry after sunset. And they are critical too of the hip movement itself—for its faith in redemption by lifestyle; for its resort to festivals as substitutes for counter-institutions; for failing to see how much the Stones, and the audience, resembled the society they pretended to reject. "It wasn't just the Angels. It was everybody. In twenty-four hours we created all the problems of our society in one place: congestion, violence, dehumanization."

The Maysles are unduly protective, not just of the Stones but of the Woodstock myth of the tribal innocence of the young. This reduces *Gimme Shelter* to an exercise in sentimentality. The Woodstock myth makes us all feel good, which may be why this film is loath to abandon it. But the young themselves have evidently learned a good deal more than this from Altamont and seem much less sure that the greening of America will necessarily yield milk and honey. The images of *Gimme Shelter* convey something of this sense of dislocation and panic, but its dramatic form suggests that the makers of the film did not really understand what they so lovingly recorded. ▼

ing with great unconscious accuracy that they must go home, they haven't time. This loss of time is not an illusion, but a fact for all of us. If, as an amateur, as a civilized person merely, one were to set out to read Shakespeare's works carefully, the Bible, Proust, or Dickens or Gibbon, it would be necessary to undergo some rare kind of discipline of withdrawal, to set up conditions very special, to work against the grain of our lives. Where will the time be found?

Wagner began *Parsifal* in 1877 and finished it in 1882, one year before his death. Nietzsche was distressed by its Christian feeling, but wrote: "It is as if someone were speaking to me again after many years about problems that disturb me. . . ." This is still true. There in the long, pure hours we think not only of the Grail and the Sword but of ourselves and the others around us, people from space, living in a new continuum. ▼

SEX ...UP WITH THE stock market

BY BETTIE WYSOR

Who would have guessed that the fluctuations of the New York stock exchanges might have an alarming and devastating effect in bed?

Who is prepared for the theory that men in the stock market have personalities similar to those of habitual gamblers—or that both activities are characterized by some psychiatrists as segregated-male, latent-homosexual activities?

Who can believe that the circumstances of the present market have caused men to become sexually impotent, motivating them to seek psychological help for their sex problems?

Dr. Abraham Weinberg, a psychiatrist who is Medical Director of the Unique Habits Clinic in New York City, said: "In ten months during a recent stock-market decline, the number of my sexually impotent male patients increased about 300 per cent. The increase became so noticeable as to be intriguing and prompted me to do a comparison between market conditions at that time and those of the 1962 market decline. Sure enough, I found that in 1962 the number of impotency cases I treated increased dramatically. They also decreased as the market began to recover."

Why should a depression of the market produce impotency in the male? The answer is the personality of the man who is attracted to activity involving risk and chance. To the question, "What kind of man goes into the market?" Dr. Weinberg answered: "He has much the same personality as the habitual gambler, for the stock market is nothing more than a form of gambling. Gambling is habitual, the stock market is habitual. Additionally, I feel that both activities demonstrate latent homosexuality. It is segregated activity engaged in almost entirely by males. If you find a female in the market, or gambling, she is apt to be a very aggressive, dominant female."

Although the romantic image of the gambler is strongly masculine, cool, dangerous, Dr. Weinberg describes this man as being "scared, so scared of his own masculinity that he has to indulge in activity only with other males of similar nature." He added: "I think these men have had, and do have today, latent homosexual feelings of which they are unconsciously frightened."

What started the possibly erroneous idea of the gambler as a sex symbol? Freudian analytical theory associated gambling with sexual activity. Habitual gamblers have lost interest in ordinary things; they seek stimulation, excitement, thrill in the game of chance. Dr. Weinberg believes that many men, when they make a "killing" in the market, experience a "high" similar to that experienced from alcohol or drugs and that some may actually achieve orgasm.

What does the man in the market have to say about these theories? It is not easy to find an objective broker, especially one who will rat on himself. But brokers and traders are not isolated, and those who work closely with them and those who live with them have an opportunity to observe them. A market analyst, an assistant vice-president in one of Wall Street's most respected firms, said: "I think the market is a vicarious sport for many people. Instead of fighting bulls, they play the market. The element of danger is there. They don't put their lives on the line, but they do put their money on the line. They may guess right and they may guess wrong, but the hope is there that they will guess right, and 'kill' the bull. In this sense I think you can compare stock-market trading with gambling. But I think the gambling label applies more to the speculative trader than to the more prudent, conservative broker."

This question was asked of a retired broker, who might be described as "the more prudent, conservative broker": "Are some of the characteristics of the gambler also found in the broker, the trader?"

"Yes, I would say that," he said.

"Would you say that market activity is sometimes a little like playing poker?"

"No, it is more like shooting craps."

"Do you think that the broker often finds the market more exciting than other activity?—that he might prefer work to going home to his family?"

"Yes, I think there are many men who do. Many of these men have an enormous urge for money. Their capacity for work is incredible. They seem to have no other outside interest, no club life, no social life for relaxation and enjoyment. If they have social life it may be partly for business reasons, and business often is transacted through it."

"Can you recall a man who did seem to have a well-adjusted home life and a family that he liked to go home to?"

"Yes, me."

"Any others?"

"Of course there were others. There (Continued on next page)

Men, when they make a killing in the market, may experience a "high"—as on alcohol or drugs

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

(Continued) was one man, a friend of mine—a highly successful man—with a wife and family. He used to work like hell for six months and then go on a long vacation and really live it up. In fact, he had a hobby of buying houses. He'd go to see a house he liked. He'd buy it, take his vacation there."

"What did he do with them, did he keep them all going?"

"Sometimes he would for a while—then he would sell one or two and move on to buy another."

The broker paused. "It never occurred to me before but that man was still trading. Those houses were just like the market!"

So much for men whose total lives are the market. How does the sexual symbolism of gambling as in card playing (which has been compared to masturbation) apply to the stock-market kind of gambling? The vocabulary of the stock market might seem to support, or bear out, Freud's theory. For examples: "the market fell out of bed"; to "bull a stock"; "penetration of the market"; "the market closed with an upward thrust."

This vocabulary would appear to infer a preoccupation with sex, or would it? Is it more of a put-on than any actual predominance of sexual activity or special ability to deliver? The terminology might appear deliberately to compromise the woman, make her seem little more than a male convenience. However, if we are to believe the theorists who tell us that the gambler in the market—the broker, the trader, the heavy investor—often may be sexually inadequate and often finds more satisfaction and thrill in the market than in a woman, we might conclude that the woman is more of a threat to the man, because of his inadequacy, than an object for satisfaction. This prompts the question: Is stock-market terminology a sophomoric attempt by a fraternity of men to reassure themselves of their masculinity?

Are these men actually latent homosexuals? Dr. Helene Papanek, a psychiatrist, said: "Perhaps it is arbitrary to term them latent homosexuals. They are more probably asexual. Their drives go into the market, their thrills come out of it."

Dr. Papanek suggested that many men in the stock market prefer the company of men because they can talk the day's trading, share the experience of the gamble. They are understood. "To this kind of man," she said, "the esteem and respect of men is more important than any woman." She does not feel, however, that there is actual physical homosexuality in most cases; it is more mental. She continued: "Many of these men are close to women, even marry and form domestic relationships; however, they could be just as happy in a physical relationship with a man, possibly even more so. There is less obligation and involvement in a relationship with a man, leaving more time for work. But these men are mostly too conscious of prestige to want to join the homosexual culture. They are more likely to remain vaguely emotional loners, never really becoming close to either sex, or deeply involved emotionally with anyone."

Dr. Papanek believes that the person who wants to make money by taking risks doesn't want to have a job that involves a lot of hard work and preparation. He wants to get to the top with short cuts.

"I think," she said, "this starts in childhood. It may be that he had a weak father—a father who was unsuccessful or even a failure. In later life the boy tries to show his mother that he is better than his father. Perhaps the mother never paid enough attention to the boy unless he excelled. If his marks were good in school, then he was a wonderful son; she appeared to love him. If the marks were bad, he was a bad son; she did not love him. She was not aware of or interested in what happened in between. She never asked if he loved school or if he were happy. She was not interested in understanding him. The work to excel was not important, only the results of excelling."

Success earned slowly, step by step, by merit, the ordinary process, makes this man restless, uncomfortable, anxious. He needs to succeed too desperately, because he does not really believe that he is good enough. He does not trust himself. This man needs instant reassurance in order to feel good about himself.

(Continued on page 127)

A trader may find more satisfaction and thrill in the market than in any woman

LOV

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

Whoever first said that men were only little boys at heart was surely making an observation, not a recommendation. Or so it used to be safe to assume until Hollywood's most recent essays on the subject of love and marriage. No, that's not fair, there is no Hollywood anymore. But something strange is going on here.

For example, here we have Elliott Gould in *I Love My Wife,* not only looking like Portnoy this time but *acting* like him, first as a little boy in the bathroom, and right while the credits are still going on, then later on back in the john again, all grown up now and sulking over his rejection by a wife who's too tired, and just about to settle down with a girlie magazine when this time he leaps up and cries, "But I'm *married!*" Which may seem like more mature sexual behaviour to some but honestly, doctor, looks more to me like Mama's boy determined to get his, no matter what. Because, why is the young wife tired? She's just had a baby. And why has she just had a baby? Because although she's become pregnant ahead of schedule, he being a nice boy has sighed and said, "Okay, forget the abortion, go ahead and have it." A kid making a present of a kid to another kid. Wow!

From here on, of course, this marriage has got to go downhill all the way—or uphill, depending on your idea of success: more kids, bigger and better houses ending up in California with a swimming pool, more poundage on the wife (Brenda Vaccaro, a fine actress who has nothing to do in this movie but look fat, which, oddly for a plump girl, she doesn't do too successfully), more mink coats graduating to chinchilla, professional advancement for the husband who winds up being top surgeon in a top hospital. Oh, yes, I forgot to say that our son really is a doctor in this movie, in fact a *specialist.* And I guess the reason I forgot is that I don't think I've ever seen anybody act less professional, including the guys in *M*A*S*H.* This isn't Gould's fault, who's coming on more and more like an intellectual all the time, with his kinky hair and that slightly hysterical edge to his voice. But the doctor in this movie never has anything to say worth saying, or do worth doing; and since his professional life consists mainly of chasing nurses, he wisely keeps it separate from his home life.

I guess what I mind most here is that it's all the usual shallow substitution of frankness for honesty, that plus the idea that if they can get you to recognize one or two details of the rat race, you're implicated in all the rest of it. I resent the implication of being implicated. Furthermore, I submit that doctors, even funny sexy ones, are concerned with medicine and that a man's work, even a married man's work (and with luck, a woman's, too), is at the centre of his life and what sustains him. Actually, the movie is perhaps a bit more ambivalent on this point than I've made it sound, since at the beginning there's a certain admiration for the hero for wanting that abortion, for aspiring to beautiful blondes who look like angels instead of dumpy wives. But in the end, and this really is reminiscent of the old Hollywood, our boy is roundly punished for straying from the strait and narrow, doomed to the life of a single picking up other singles in fancy bars. Another way of saying: Look, life may be crap but that's the way it is. Some lives.

Curiously, and on a much deeper level, this dilemma is also at the centre of John Cassavetes's *Husbands,* which for about its first twenty minutes I thought was going to be the best movie I ever saw. A superb opening: three buddies in black coats and black ties attending the funeral of a fourth, three men touched by death, addled by death, trying comically, pathetically to cope with it. There's a walking race up Broadway, with passersby staring curiously, the three of them looking like intense, excited ducks; a furious workout at Al Roon's health club in the Hotel Ansonia; a long extended bender at a West Side bar, featuring a wonderful boozy singing contest, with one quavery lady rendering "It was just a little love affair" and a

TE AND MARRIAGE IN THE *movies*

gravel-voiced guy named Red, a paean to his native borough: "B-Apostrophe-K-Apostrophe-L-Y-N." Then one of the friends figures, what the hell, he's going to take off for London; and the other two figure, what the hell, they're his friends, they might as well go along for the ride.

In every respect except one, its meaning, this picture can't be faulted. The acting is superb, all three principals, John Cassavetes, Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk, perfect and precise at conveying real male friendship—the kind of thing that makes a man say that his wife is very good at sex but "I like you guys better" without silly innuendo. The captured moments are true, the dialogue authentic: e.g., Peter Falk in the taxi on the way back from the cemetery, "Lies will catch you before cancer and the heart." Or, wife to Gazzara, after he's just said, "I love you and I love the children and I'm telling you that right in front of your mother": "I'm just uncomfortable in front of you. There's nothing personal about it." Or, Falk again, who's straight out of Odets, the wise jerk, the clown, in the bathroom where they've been vomiting after the bender: "What are we *supposed* to be feeling?"

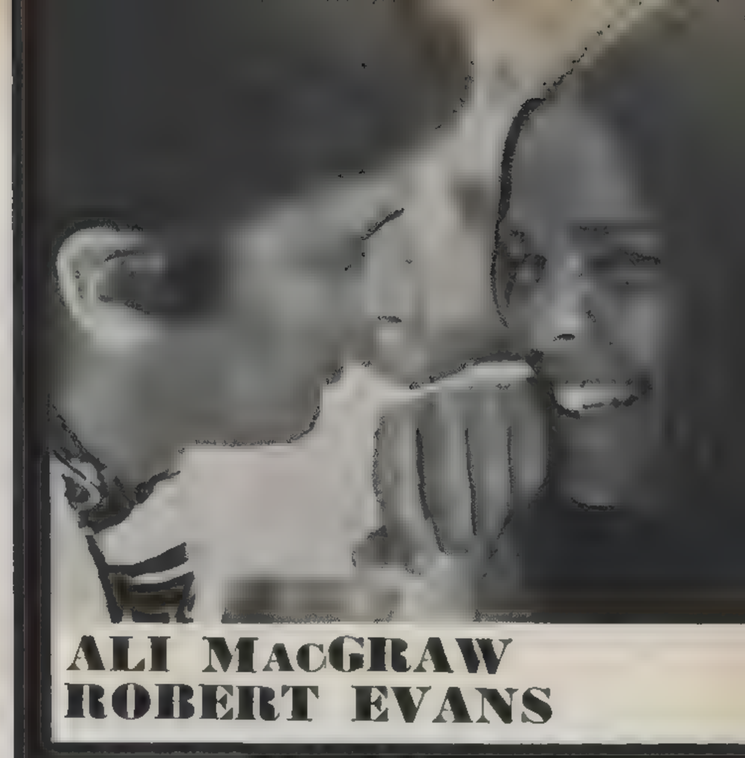
But isn't this a serious question, after all, what a man's friends should feel when he's just died?—a question I'm asking seriously because *Husbands* is a serious picture. That is, we know what they do feel, Cassavetes is superb at conveying that; but what *ought* it to be? I don't quarrel with the sense of desolation here, which again is certainly authentic—but isn't this the old confusion of frankness with honesty? And doesn't a man's failure presuppose an idea of where he thinks he should have succeeded? I don't think I'm reaching for it here, because this search for the significance of failure has always been in the nature of tragedy. I mean, Hamlet was a flop, too.

Interestingly, as in *I Love My Wife* the buddies here are also professional men, though one wouldn't know it: one, a sort of architect; the second, a dentist; the third, I'm not sure what, though once more the work doesn't signify and it's hard to imagine their taking an actual interest in it. Also, there's an awful lot of movie play-money around. Though all three live in plain row houses in Queens, they seem able to take a plane to London at a moment's notice, to buy complete new wardrobes, and evidently to leave them there, since the two who do return do so with brown paper bags full of toys for their children, but don't have any suitcases. In fact, they've even left those good black overcoats behind—though maybe I'm talking too much like a wife. In any case, the point is that no method, naturalistic, historic, lyric, or pastoral, is any better than the meaning it's meant to serve. And the meaning of *Husbands,* as far as I can tell, is that boys will be boys and when they aren't life is even drearier. But isn't there something to being a man?

However, not to despair. Solutions to all problems of love and death are at hand, maybe none simpler than in *Love Story* which is as much a beginning as a culmination since the couple we have here are wondrously young: a musical 'Cliffie (Ali MacGraw) and a Harvard jock (Ryan O'Neal), who meet in the Radcliffe library when he tries to take out a book and is insulted by her for his troubles, reasons unknown, though it leads to instant love. As to Ali MacGraw's particular charms, either in Ryan O'Neal's eyes or back in Columbus, Ohio, I exempt myself from judgment, except to observe that she has a curious way of flaring her nostrils after every charming smile that would very much interest my Ear, Nose, and Throat man. As to Ryan O'Neal's charms maybe I have too much to say, since he's not only handsome and *built* like a jock but also very feeling, really, maybe on account of his long years on *Peyton Place,* where everybody is in big trouble all the time.

Never mind. The point here is that these two have *everything* going for them, she an impoverished Italian background and a talent for music, he a millionaire father and a IV after his name, and a pride that for *her* sake makes him reject his vast fortune after some small parental slight that escapes me even now. *She,* meanwhile, has rejected a chance to study in Paris with Nadia Boulanger on account of *him,* which worried me as much as the lost millions but doesn't seem to bother either of this young educated pair for more than two seconds. Not that they don't have a hefty respect for the arts and music: They must have since both of them dress in black when she is playing.

Anyway, the young-married struggle begins, after a Harvard do-it-yourself type of wedding that would drive anybody straight into the arms of the Church, any church. He sells Christmas trees to earn them a pittance, she supports them by teaching school at $3,000 per annum. Eventually though, he is graduated from Harvard Law with honours, they move from the dinky Cambridge walk-up to the posh New York co-op, and she is now—as she cutely says, wearing a long hostess gown—back in the kitchen where she belongs. Now *he* wants her to go to Juilliard, but she wants to have a baby. Actually she probably hasn't been practising anyway, there's no sign of a piano. Ah, where will it all end? More brats, fancy cars, mink followed by chinchilla? We've seen it all before. But *Love Story,* being a love story, has a happy ending. She dies of leukemia at twenty-five. I wish I weren't so sure that the rat race would start with wife number two. ▼



ALI MacGRAW
ROBERT EVANS



PAULA PRENTISS
RICHARD BENJAMIN



JACQUELINE BISSET
MICHAEL SARRAZIN



LEIGH TAYLOR-YOUNG
RYAN O'NEAL

Love in the movies: the real thing

1918: Solzhenitsyn born at Caucasian spa of Kislovodsk. Father, an artillery officer, died six months later.
1925: Moved with mother to Rostov-on-Don.
1939: Studied physics and mathematics at Rostov University and took a literature correspondence course.
1940: Married fellow student Natalya Reshetovskaya.
1941-45: Served in World War II (artillery officer), twice decorated for gallantry.
1945-53: Sentenced to eight years' hard labour for remarks derogatory to Stalin; held in Moscow scientific institute for imprisoned scientists, then in Siberian camp.
1953: Released, exiled to Kazakhstan. Developed stomach cancer; treated at Tashkent, the setting for his great novel *The Cancer Ward*.
1956-57: Allowed to return from exile and rehabilitated; rejoined wife, took job as teacher in Ryazan.
1962: *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* published in the major Soviet literary magazine *Novy Mir*, the most important event in what briefly was called "The Great Thaw."
1963-64: Virulently criticized by Soviet literary establishment after nomination for Lenin Prize.
1968: *The Cancer Ward* (partially set in type by *Novy Mir* earlier, but finally vetoed) and *The First Circle* published in West.
1969: Solzhenitsyn expelled from Writers' Union, to which writers are required to belong to be eligible for payment by magazines and publishers.
1970: Awarded Nobel Prize; said he wouldn't receive it in person for fear of not being allowed to return.
1971: Solzhenitsyn branded "a wretched renegade"; foreigners warned by *Pravda* not to accept news of the Soviet Union from "the dregs of society"; rumours grow that Solzhenitsyn will be prosecuted under Article 70 of the Russian Criminal Code, the article making it a crime to disseminate slander about the USSR at home or abroad, punishable by up to seven years imprisonment. *Stories and Prose Poems*, from which these three stories are taken, published this spring in the United States by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. His only play prepared for production in New York.



HENITSYN

Three short stories, for the first time in English in this country, by the courageous Nobel Prize winner whose writing, smuggled out from behind the Iron Curtain, has defied Soviet oppression

CITY ON THE NEVA

Angels holding candelabra kneel around the byzantine dome of St. Isaac's. Three slender gold spires echo one another across the Neva and the Moika. Everywhere lions, griffons, and sphinxes stand guard over treasure houses, or sleep. Victory, drawn by her six horses, gallops atop Rossi's ingenious crooked arch. Porticos by the hundred, thousands of pillars, prancing horses, straining bulls. . . .

What a blessing that no new building is allowed here. No wedding-cake skyscraper may elbow its way on to the Nevsky Prospekt; no five-storey shoebox can ruin the Griboyedov canal. There is no architect living, no matter how servile and incompetent, who can use his influence to build on any site nearer than the Black River or the Okhta.

It is alien to us, yet it is our greatest glory. What a pleasure it is today to stroll down those avenues. Yet all this beauty was built by Russians—men who ground their teeth and cursed as they rotted in those dismal swamps. The bones of our forefathers were compressed, petrified, fused into palaces coloured ochre, *sang-de-boeuf,* chocolate brown, green.

And what of our disastrous, chaotic lives? What of our explosions of protest, the groans of men shot by firing squads, the tears of our women: will all this too—terrible thought—be utterly forgotten? Can it, too, give rise to such perfect, everlasting beauty?

LAKE SEGDEN

No one writes about this lake and it is spoken of only in whispers. As though to an enchanted castle, all roads to it are barred and over each one hangs a forbidding sign—a plain, blunt straight line.

Man or beast, faced by that sign, must turn back. Some earthly power has put that sign there; past it none may ride, none may walk, crawl, or even fly.

Guards with swords and pistols lurk beside the path in the nearby pine grove.

You may circle and circle the silent wood searching for a way through to the lake, but you will find none and there will be no one to ask, for no one goes into this wood. They have all been frightened away. Your only chance to venture through will be one afternoon in the rain along a cattle track, in the wake of the dull clink of a cowbell. And from your first glimpse of it, vast and shimmering between the tree trunks, you know before you reach its banks that you will be in thrall to this place for the rest of your life.

Segden lake is as round as though traced out with a pair of compasses. If you were to shout from one side (but you must not shout, or you will be heard) only a fading echo would reach the other bank. It is a long way across. Woods immure the lakeside entirely, a dense forest of row upon unbroken row of trees. Coming out of the wood to the water's edge, the whole of the forbidden shore can be seen: here a strip of yellow sand, there a grey stubble of reeds, there a lush swath of grass. The water is smooth, calm, and unruffled, and apart from some patches of weed by the shore the white lake bed gleams through the translucent water.

A secret lake in a secret forest. The water looks up and the sky gazes down upon it. If there is a world beyond the forest it is unknown, invisible; if it exists it has no place here.

Here is somewhere to settle for ever, a place where a man could live in harmony with the elements and be inspired.

But it can not be. An evil prince, a squint-eyed villain, has claimed the lake for his own: there is his house, there is his bathing place. His evil brood goes fishing here, shoots duck from his boat. First a wisp of blue smoke above the lake, then a moment later—the shot.

Away beyond the woods the people sweat and heave, whilst all the roads leading here are closed lest they intrude. Fish and game are bred for the villain's pleasure. Here there are traces where someone lit a fire; but it was put out and he was driven away.

Beloved, deserted lake.

My native land. . . .

© LUCHTERHAND VERLAG, 1970.
ENGLISH TRANSLATION © MICHAEL GLENNY, 1970.

ASHES OF A POET

Where now there is a village called L'govo, the ancient town of Ol'gov once stood on this cliff above the river Oka. When the Russians of those days chose a site, next in importance after good, drinkable, running water was its beauty.

Saved by a miracle from murder at his brothers' hands, Ingvar Igorevich founded the monastery of the Assumption here as a thank offering.

From this place, on a clear day you can see far across the water meadows to where, thirty-five versts away, on another such eminence stands the tall belfry of the monastery of St. John the Divine.

Both were spared by the superstitious Khan Bahty.

From all others, Yakov Petrovich Polonsky chose this place as his own and gave instructions that he was to be buried here. Man, it seems, has always been prone to the belief that his spirit will hover over his grave and gaze down on the peaceful countryside around it.

But the domed churches have gone; the half of the stone walls that is left has been made up in height by a plank fence with barbed wire, and the whole of this ancient place is dominated by those sickeningly familiar monsters: watchtowers. There is a guardhouse in the monastery gateway, and a poster that says "Peace among nations" with a Russian workman holding a little black girl in his arms.

We pretend ignorance. Among the huts where the guards live, an off-duty warder, dressed in a singlet, explains to us:

"There was a monastery here, in the second world. They say the first world was Rome and Moscow was the third. It used to be a children's colony once, too, but the kids didn't know what the place was so they messed up the walls and smashed the ikons. Then a collective farm bought the two churches for 40,000 roubles—for the bricks, to build a big cowshed with six rows of stalls. Worked on it myself. We were paid 50 kopecks for a whole one, 20 kopecks for a half-brick. But they never came out clean—always had lumps of mortar stuck to them. They found a vault under the church with a bishop in it. He was just a skeleton, but his robe was still all right. A couple of us tried to pull the robe in two, but the stuff was that good it wouldn't tear. . . ."

"Tell me—according to the map there's a poet called Polonsky buried here. Where is his grave?"

"You can't see Polonsky. He's inside the perimeter."

So Polonsky was out of bounds. What else was there to see? A crumbling ruin? Wait, though—the warder was turning to his wife:

"Didn't they dig Polonsky up?"

"Mm. Took him to Ryazan." The woman nodded from the porch as she cracked sunflower seeds with her teeth. The warder thought this was a great joke:

"Seems he'd done his time—so they let him out. . . ."

You asked....You wrote. You called. We answered.

Here and on the next pages: a sampling of questions gathered from a beauty editor's mailbag and telephone life—with, in reply, the latest word from Vogue.

Q: *How seriously does air pollution affect the skin? and what in the world can one do about it?*

A: It's early days yet, so no controlled, conclusive studies are available to us, but logic insists that if the air moving against our skins is a mass of grit, smoke, and exhaust fumes, some of it is going to cling. The only sensible counterattack is to cleanse more often, and more intensively, and to keep moisturizers on a twenty-four-hour shift. There is, certainly in cities, another insidious pollution and that is noise. Constant, raucous noise jars and disturbs, even if you aren't always aware of it. Where do you think those frown-brackets come from, and the knotty ache between your shoulderblades (which leads to more frowns)? Make a point of serenity in your off hours. The catnap. The long bubble-bath. The straight, neat, undiluted silent treatment. Or the unbelievably easing flow of eighteenth-century music on your record player.

Q: *Are the new natural-ingredient cosmetics really better for the skin and hair?*

A: Scientifically speaking, there appears to be no advantage. But visually, tactile-ly, and sybaritically, to say nothing of ecologically, how can one deny the extravagant pleasure of cool, pale, cucumber lotion, mousse-thick cream made with fresh strawberries, or the tart, clean smell of lemon in soap and shampoo? Actually, it is only in the last two decades, with the tremendous technological advances made in cosmetic labs, that man-made substances have been widely used. Before that, you may remember—or your mother will—beauty products were compounded of citrus fruits and almonds, rose leaves, camomile, sesame, and coriander. We seem to have come full circle, what with the young turning more and more to basic Everything, and the cosmetics makers developing new enhancers made with old-fashioned, garden-grown fruits, flowers, and herbs. Some of the best of the recent crop of shampoos are based on plant and herbal extracts.

Q: *My problem is puffs under my eyes. I'm youngISH, but my work requires a really young appearance. Two doctors have called it a "cosmetic" problem. Can you suggest a remedy?*

A: At your age, and in view of the two medical opinions, this is probably your heredity behaving badly. To reduce puff size, doctors recommend sleeping with the head of your bed elevated a few inches off the floor to prevent excess body fluid from accumulating in the loose tissue around the eye. Sleeping on your back (it takes discipline) on two pillows is worth a go, and cold cold compresses each morning are often helpful; but meaningful, permanent de-puffing can be arrived at only by first-class plastic surgery. We need hardly caution you that this is not something to be tried out fecklessly, like a new recipe. "First class" means either an enthusiastic recommendation from your internist or a glowing report from a friend who has done it and who thinks her surgeon is God's gift. However, no matter how dreamy she looks, don't race into surgery without a prior consultation.

Q: *What do doctors say about nude sunbathing? Does it affect the bosom?*

A: Doctors are not all that keen on sunbathing in general, except in short doses. Certainly your bosom skin, which is not often exposed, is exceedingly sensitive, and will burn faster than any other part of your body. Sunburned nipples will darken (unless you are on The Pill which may produce an increase in pigment, leaving the nipples slightly less vulnerable). Of course fair-skinned women are much more susceptible to all forms of sun damage than darker types, and a top alert should be sounded on the growing frequency of skin cancer where any part of the skin gets repeated sun contact. Even brunettes should use restraint.

UNQUESTIONABLY GREAT—
THE FIT FACE,
DRENCHED IN HEALTH
AND SUNNY COLOUR....

Irresistible now—the face that's alive and well, blooming with fitness and freshness, its glow-dials turned up with makeup in marvellous sunny colours. Like the makeup, opposite, by Frances Denney—cake eye shadow in Plumeria for the lid, Buttercup on the bone; Tiger Lily, one of many shades of Tawny Cheek Gems; Tiger Lily lipstick. Good shine for the hair: protein-prone Condition Hair Set, also by Denney.

...WITH A TOP AND
PANTS OF SHINY,
STRIPY JACQUARD

Most modern possible costume now: a pullover and pants of a great jacquard knit—semi-sheer, glossy, easy to wear as skin. The clothes, the colours, even the yarn, all done by the Missonis—a talented Italian couple whose bright, airy yarn mill near Milan is news in itself in architectural circles. This outfit—striped, squiggled, plaided—of rayon and silk. About $165 at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; Charles Gallay. Cuff: Celia Sebiri, at Henri Bendel. Rings: Oscar de la Renta, Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu.



PENN



BEAUTY *bulletin*

There is a shock of pleasure in seeing deep, rosy-red nails against tanned skin.

Q: *Do experts consider the new hot curlers safe for one's hair?*

A: Certainly, providing, of course, you use normal care and common sense. Too much heat will sear anything from a cashmere sweater under sizzling iron to your own shoulder blades under tropical sun. Any heat is drying so keep your hair well-conditioned if you use heated curlers (the newest lot have built-in moisturizers which is bliss) and remember the rewards of moderation in both frequency of use and length of application.



PATRICK LICHFIELD

Q: *Is it true that darker lipstick and nail colours are coming back?*

A: They are, in little pockets of avant-gardeness, already back. (We saw one of today's great young beauties at lunch the other day, her pretty curly mouth lightly covered in a sort of wine-y chocolate.) The new lipsticks are deep, sexy, offbeat and their textures are both sleek and filmy. No screechy scarlets, no inch-thick messiness. And nails will (preferably) not match exactly, as they did in the 'Forties. They'll blend, harmonize, complement, possibly even startle. All shades are possible, and now more than ever, your impulse, your ambience, and the clothes you are that minute wearing decide the colours of your lips and fingertips. The new nail lacquers are very sheer, very light-catching, with the high, hard polish of a jewel. They last marvellously well, far beyond the ones you used to chip on the second or third day. The skin of your hands is going to be suddenly much more visible, what with the staccato signals of your nails, so you'll be up to your wrists in softening lotions. Dior's Crème Pour Les Mains is a demon for dissolving dryness. There is a shock of pleasure in seeing deep, rosy-red nails against bare, tanned skin. The polish, above, which couldn't be newer, is Dior's Cuir 497, and the nail is ever so gently squared. Vince Pasacane, in London, made the chain body belt.

Q: *I have collected a wardrobe of wigs and now I want to know if it's true that they can keep one's own hair from breathing? Also how do I update styles and colours?*

A: Don't worry about your own hair "breathing" as long as you give it the usual thoughtful shampoo and brushing and scrupulous conditioning. Also, of course, keep your wigs fresh and clean so that no oils accumulate to irritate your scalp. As to style, your hairdresser can best advise you. Most wigs, especially the long ones, are a cinch to play with and almost any hairdo is easily possible. Colour change isn't that simple, but we're getting there. Special colour for wigs is around, and, here again, your hairdresser knows for sure.

Q: *How can I remove brown spots from my hands and not leave white blotches?*

A: Your dermatologist will suggest treating the brown spots with dry ice or electrodesiccation, either of which can eliminate the spots or, at least, lighten them considerably. Immediately after treatment the spots will appear much lighter than your normal skin, but this will gradually blend with your natural skin tone. White spots that remain white are the result of *all* brown pigment being removed, which would make any overtreated area look different from your normal skin. (This should not be a problem if the treatment is performed by an experienced professional.) But: stop the one thing that caused brown spots to appear in the first place. Put an end to those infamous sun-bakes that feel so good and wreak so much havoc.

Q: *My skin is quite smooth, but I am fast developing fine, dry, vertical lines on my upper lip. How can I get rid of them?*

A: You are not alone, if that's any comfort. The lines, sometimes called "prune" (no comfort at all), can be greatly diminished by either dermabrasion, which involves skimming away the epidermis and the upper dermis with a high-speed rotary steel brush, or by chemical peeling for less stubborn grooves. Either procedure can be done only by a dermatologist or a plastic surgeon. Healing should take at least a week, possibly two.

Q: *What can I do to prevent wrinkles and other signs of age before they start? I live in a bone-dry climate.*

A: Canny you, to lock the stable door while the horse is still in residence. Never—but *never*—forget that the single most aging factor you encounter is sun exposure, and that it can be dangerous and cumulative. Do not take long sun baths. (Buttered muffin is tempting, burnt toast is UN-.) When you pool-sit or play tennis, make sure you are covered with a sun-screen lotion. Shield yourself even more diligently if you are a blonde or a redhead or a pale brunette; reapply your lotion more frequently and do wear sunglasses to prevent squinting, another cause of wrinkles. (Facial habits can add flocks of wrinkles, so make yourself aware of over-emphatic eyebrow raising, brow furrowing, and frowning.) Never let your complexion go unmoisturized, and this means body as well as facial skin. Do avoid steep weight gains and losses. They tend to leave unattractive folds and stretch marks.

Q: *I have read that Vitamin A is good for the hair, skin and eyes. I would like to supplement my diet with this vitamin, but I am concerned about how much to use.*

A: As long as you are eating a well-balanced diet—the sort of program our mothers never stopped hounding us with—you should not need supplemental Vitamin A. For instance, carrots, yams, apricots, and green vegetables contain carotene which is synthesized into Vitamin A by your body. Liver, fish-liver oils, egg yolks, cheese, milk, and butter contain already-synthesized Vitamin A. Actually, too much Vitamin A is far from a good thing, leading, possibly, to loss of hair. If you feel your diet is inadequate, by all means ask your doctor about taking extras.

Q: *What is the difference between the new products for feminine hygiene? Is one more effective than another?*

A: The internal ones are douches, the externals are deodorant sprays. Some women douche daily, some only after the menstrual period, while a number of women do not douche at all. This is a matter to be discussed with your gynaecologist, since opinions vary. As for sprays, they are both convenient and speedy, and are apparently solving the odour problem for squads of women. It should be carefully noted, however, that in some instances they can cause allergic reactions so read the directions carefully. It is only sensible to hold the sprays away from your body; otherwise the force of the aerosol may drive the deodorant droplets into the areas of more sensitive tissue. As for effectiveness, you will be the best judge, as you are with any other form of deodorant. Many are perfumed for frivolity and allure, and whether you do or do not—scent, that is—is your decision.

Q: *I'm a Black girl and find most makeups turn either powdery-grey or orange on my skin. There must be some flattering makeup, what and where?*

A: There is—and more of it all the time. Almost all cosmetic manufacturers today have recognized this need, and have expanded their colour ranges with special formulations for Black skin colours and tones. The new translucent gels that give a natural, pretty blush to your cheeks, brow, and lips, work for almost any skin. . . . Bright violet used around the eyes is beautiful on black or dark skin. Also bright green on the lids. . . . There is a growing group of cosmetics manufacturers who concentrate specifically on the wide and subtle variations of dark skin, among them Flori Roberts, Astarté, Carmen Cosmetics, Libra, Posner, Barbara Walden, Afram House. Barbara Walden has a lip lightener and a lip darkener to even out lip colour before lipstick application.

Q: *Scrubbing with salt is what the doctor advised for some little white lumps under my skin which he calls "milia." They're still there. Is there any other treatment?*

A: Milia are usually called whiteheads and, like blackheads, are pore accumulations except they have no exit. Do not try to pinch or press—it can only make things worse. Frequent cleansing with a complexion brush and soap, or an abrasive scrub will keep pores pure and functioning. Astringents, slapped on with cotton pads, do a good job of stimulating circulation to wake up sluggish skin. . . . A dermatologist might dry up these annoying sacs with an electric needle or drain them with a minute, nearly microscopic incision.

Q: *What is the best treatment for large pores? My skin is oily too, and nothing I've tried seems to work.*

A: There really isn't any guaranteed pore-shrinking treatment, but there are nifty long-range projects for refining your skin-texture and helping to tighten your pores. The first absolute is total cleanliness. Pores, especially oily ones, get lax when their oil secretions are allowed to collect, clog, and eventually form blackheads. It might be a good plan to drop creams for now, and clean your face with one of the bacteria-battling liquid cleaners and/or medicated soap applied with a complexion brush, especially hard on the nose area. Keep a bottle of astringent handy for freshening. . . . And even if it means standing on your head, do get some sort of hopped-up circulation going two or three times a week.

Q: *Lately my eyes have been burning and smarting. Could I (heaven forbid) be developing an allergy to eye makeup?*

A: You can not dismiss the possibility of an allergy. If your eyes continue to be a worry, go see your doctor. He'll probably suggest hypoallergenics, so you won't have to appear lashless and shadow-less. Of course air pollution is a big contributor to eye misery, besides which you are no doubt using more and more eye cosmetics. That's peachy, as long as you apply them with care. Eye drops and washes are cleansing and refreshing and should be used on a daily basis. One of your most reliable guardians is a good pair of sunglasses worn nonstop on windy streets. The spectaculars—half of which are seen at right—are Renauld's new Gum Drops, buyable in a rainbow of colours.



EVEN IF IT MEANS STANDING ON YOUR HEAD, GET SOME SORT OF HOPPED-UP CIRCULATION GOING.

DON'T RACE INTO COSMETIC SURGERY WITHOUT A PRIOR CONSULTATION

The young turning more and more to basic Everything.

Make a point of serenity in your off hours.

PUT AN END TO SUNBAKES THAT FEEL SO GOOD AND WREAK SO MUCH HAVOC.

The new lipsticks are deep, sexy, offbeat.

the now—and—forever diet

BY JEAN PIERSON

HOW IT CAN MAKE YOU 10 POUNDS THINNER IMMEDIATELY, KEEP YOU THAT WAY FOR LIFE....

It's a steak diet, lobster diet, shrimp diet. *Heavy cream is on it, skim milk is not.* It's a salad diet for the salad days. *It's a caviar diet for narcissists.* It's an egg diet for eggheads. *It's a Cheese Cake diet that can change your image.* ***And it works....*** Last June, Vogue published the 16-Day diet at right. Grateful mail submerged us. And questions. "Did you leave out orange juice by mistake?" *(No.)* "What kinds of cereals can I add for a maintenance diet?" *(None.)* "Okay. The sixteen days are up, and I'm littler by twelve pounds. What do I do now to keep the weight off?" *(Read on.)* . . . Although a few people wondered why they were keeping their girth while all about them were losing theirs on the Super Diet (and we'll deal with the former in a moment), 99 & 44/100ths% were delighted, surprised—and sometimes even a bit suspicious about the long-range soundness of a diet that could accomplish so much so leniently. . . . "*Avocado!* You must be crazy." . . . "Unlimited eggs! All that fat! What about cholesterol?"

Vogue's Super Diet was arrived at with Dr. Robert Atkins, New York internist and obesity specialist, a man with a fierce antagonism to excess carbohydrates, an antipathy shared by many modern nutritionists. According to the English scientist, Dr. John Yudkin, the overweight problem of affluent society is helped by the fact that "We consume more sugar in two weeks than we did in one year a couple of centuries ago. . . . Our natural tendency would be to eat less carbohydrate, but this is overcome by our addiction to sugar-containing foods."

"Sweetness is an acquired taste," Dr. Atkins will tell you. "We acquire it in childhood, and thereby sow the seeds for adult weight problems." If, despite all the chocolate frosteds and heady cola drinks, we somehow manage to get through adolescence trim, our sugar-distorted metabolism thereafter begins to take its toll. Dr. Atkins' battery of tests discloses evidence of disturbed carbohydrate metabolism in 85% of his overweight patients—and in 60% either diabetes, prediabetes, or hypoglycemia, the "low blood sugar" malaise created by high carbohydrate intake and responsible for much of the prevalent chronic fatigue. Changing their eating patterns, normalizing their carbohydrate metabolism, and keeping them slim for life is accomplished by a personalized low-carbohydrate, high-protein diet like Vogue's Super Diet.

You count carbohydrates, not calories on Super Diet. What are carbohydrates? Chiefly sugar and starch. Meat, fish, eggs, butter, margarine contain none. Most cheeses and leafy-green vegetables contain very few. Other vegetables and most fruits have high carbohydrate percentages. Sugar is pure carbohydrate. . . . For a maintenance diet, a ***carbohydrate counter*** is your secret weapon. These little books are usually available wherever paperbacks are sold. They will clarify for you why avocado (9 grams per cup) is on the Diet—and orange juice (27 grams per cup) is not; why one ounce of heavy cream is allowed after D-Day 5, while skim milk, whole milk, evaporated milk, and buttermilk are No-No's. "No dieter can be too well-informed about carbohydrates," said Dr. Atkins, who has a book on the subject in the works.

Super Diet is an inch-trimmer. You lose inches out of proportion to pounds. Explanation: Fat is reserve fuel. Fat begins to burn as soon as no ready fuels are available. Carbohydrates are ready fuels. When they're unavailable, fat and therefore inches burn off. . . . Why can't whisky and black coffee, which contain no carbohydrates, be consumed at will? Because insulin is released in excess when alcohol and caffeine are taken in and inhibits the breaking down of fat. Dr. Atkins' patients can have all the decaffeinated coffee they want, but a maximum of four cups of real coffee a day.

Beware of the hidden carbohydrate, the sugar that lurks in many packaged goods—cold cuts, frozen foods, ready-made cole slaw among them. Study labels for words like sugar and dextrose. Many items labelled, or thought to be, "sugar-free" are not carbohydrate-free. Quinine water contains more sugar than a cola beverage. Sorbitol is not a sugar substitute like saccharine or cyclamate, and one should be wary of anything containing it. Like diet gum. Sugar-free cough syrups. "Suspect any medicine that tastes sweet," the doctor suggested. . . . Diet foods are usually planned for low-calorie, not low-carbohydrate diets. Ice milk has more carbohydrates than ice cream, skim-milk cheeses more than those made from whole milk or cream.

Super Diet lowers cholesterol levels. "Cholesterol and especially triglycerides fall in proportion to drastic lowering of carbohydrate intake," Dr. Atkins said. "It has been demonstrated that insulin is a necessary catalyst in the formation of arteriosclerotic plaques in blood vessel walls. And insulin is released in excess when superfluous carbohydrates are taken in." . . . For the rare individuals for whom the diet, even strictly observed, doesn't take off pounds, the reason may be some medication they're taking. "Certain anti-depressants, tranquillizers, diuretics, and The Pill are not always compatible with this diet," the doctor said. "When the diet doesn't work, that's a clinical dilemma that requires good medical advice. In fact, anybody who suspects a medical problem should consult her physician before embarking on this or any diet." . . . If a patient feels weak on the diet, megadosages of vitamins B, C, and E, and extra calcium usually help.

Super Diet can take off as many pounds as you want to shed. If you want to lose more than 10 pounds, stay on the diet longer. Weigh yourself daily. If at any time you've gained over 5 pounds, go back to the no-carbohydrate régime of D-Days 1—4.

Super Diet is good nutrition. Dr. Atkins urges his patients to use ingenuity and inventiveness from D-Day 1. Aim for variety right from the outset. . . . ***Super Diet is a fun diet.***

SEE PAGE 124 FOR RECIPES AND TIPS ON HOW TO PLAY THE GAME DELICIOUSLY.

VOGUE'S TAKE IT OFF / KEEP IT OFF SUPER DIET

THE SUPER PLOT

Here are the mechanics of the diet devised with the guidance of Dr. Robert Atkins, and first printed in Vogue, June, 1970. D-Days: 16 of them that can change not only your figure but your life. In the first four days, you can start right out with steak and salad vinaigrette; broiled lobster with garlic butter; soft-shelled crabs; chicken Rosemary; Eggs à la You. . . . In the next four days you add Homemade Cheese Cake; specified amounts of vegetables, cream, cottage cheese. . . . In D-Days 9 through 16 the plot thickens deliciously, as see below. . . . By D-Day 16 you should not only have lost at least 10 pounds, but you should have suffered not one hungry or bored moment. You should have *felt* better every day. And your appetite and metabolic system should have normalized to the extent that you'll want to stay on this diet—and *stay 10 pounds thinner for life*

D-Days 1 through 4

Anything on the following list
(and nothing that's not on the list)

MEAT

Steaks,
lamb chops,
hamburgers, bacon,
any kind of meat
in any quantity—
except meat with fillers such as sausage, hot dogs, meatballs, most packaged "cold cuts."

FOWL

Duckling, turkey,
chicken—
anything with wings.
No stuffing.

DESSERTS

Gelatine with
artificial sweeteners
(e.g., D-Zerta).

CONDIMENTS

Salt, pepper, mustard, horseradish, vinegar; vanilla and other extracts; artificial sweeteners; any dry powdered spice that contains no sugar.

DRINKS

Water, mineral water,
Vichy, club soda.
Beef or chicken broth,
bouillon. Sugar-free
soda. Coffee, tea.
Decaffeinated coffee.

FISH

Caviar, salmon,
lobster, shrimps,
any kind of seafood,
including oil-packed
and smoked—
except oysters, clams, mussels, and pickled fish.

EGGS

Boiled, fried,
scrambled, poached,
omelette—any style.

SALADS

2 small green salads a day (each less than 1 cupful) made of Super Salad Material listed right. *Dressings* with oil, vinegar, salt, dry spices, herbs, grated cheese, or anchovies . . . 1 sour pickle may be had in place of a salad.

BUTTER & MAYONNAISE

Butter, margarine,
oils, shortening,
real mayonnaise in
judicious quantities.

CHEESE

4 oz. a day of any
hard, aged cheese.
No cream cheese or
cheese spreads.

D-Days 5 through 8

Now you may add daily: *Homemade Cheese Cake,* made according to recipe, page 124. . . . *A Vegetable Serving*—one 4-oz. portion of any Super Vegetable listed right. . . . *Heavy Cream*—1 oz. a day in coffee or cooking. . . . *Cottage Cheese*—1 scoop a day.

D-Days 9 through 12

Now you may add *Oysters, Clams, Mussels* to seafood menus and start to use *wine* in cooking—and have a glass of dry table wine with dinner. Or you can trade the glass of wine for 1 *fruit*—a small portion such as ¼ cantaloupe, ½ grapefruit, ½ apple. . . . *Walnuts, almonds, water chestnuts* may be added to recipes. But no peanuts, cashews, chestnuts. . . . And you may now have *Unlimited cottage cheese,* or even that sinfully rich milk solid called Ricotta.

D-Days 13 through 16

Now you can have 1 fruit or 1 6-oz. tomato juice *and* 1 wine or 1 2-oz. vodka, gin, or whiskey. And you may add *sour cream* to recipes.

D-Day 17

Survey your remarkable accomplishment. Make a decision about your future eating plans. Whatever: don't go back to old eating patterns if you want *to stay 10 pounds thinner.*

SUPER NO-NO'S

Put these out of your life (and your recipes):

Beans	Corn	Milk
Bread	Crackers	Potatoes
Candy	Ice Cream	Rice
Cereal	Ketchup	Spaghetti
Chewing Gum	Macaroni	Sugar

NO SLIP-UPS

One stick of gum can spoil the whole chemical drama taking place on your inner stage.

THE SUPER VEGETABLES

Artichokes	Kohlrabi
Asparagus	Mushrooms
Avocado	Okra
Bamboo Shoots	Onion
Beet Greens	Peppers
Broccoli	Pumpkin
Brussels Sprouts	Rutabagas
Cabbage	Sauerkraut
Cauliflower	Snow Pea Pods
Chard	Spinach
Chinese Cabbage	String or Wax Beans
Crookneck or Yellow Squash	Tomato
Eggplant	Water Chestnuts
Kale	Zucchini Squash

THE SUPER SALAD MATERIAL

Black Olives	Lettuce
Celery	Onion
Chicory	Pickle (Sour or Dill)
Chinese Cabbage	Pimiento
Cucumber	Peppers
Endive	Radishes
Escarole	Scallions
Green Olives	Watercress
Leeks	

THE SUPER RULES

1. Eat all of the allowed foods you need to avoid hunger.
2. *Never eat when you're not hungry.*
3. Don't finish everything on your plate.
4. *Take as much or as little water or calorie-free beverages as thirst requires.*
5. Frequent small meals are fine, but only enough to stave off hunger.
6. *If weakness results from rapid weight loss, salt depletion may be the cause. Take plenty of salt and no diuretics.*
7. Take a high-strength multivitamin pill without fail daily.
8. *Check labels on "low-calorie" drinks, syrups, desserts. Only those with no carbohydrate content are allowed.*
9. When in doubt, leave it out.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE SNOW IN GSTAAD

A huddle of bright chalets, a church tower, a balconied inn or two, all nestled in deep, sparkling snow . . . to the casual eye, one Alpine ski resort may look much like another; but there are vivid differences. Some are French, some Swiss, some Austrian; some are tiny, hard-to-reach mountain villages, some famous year-'round resorts; each offers its own particular mix of delights—of sport and fun, serious skiing and after-ski partying, residents and visitors, champagne and schnapps. . . . In Gstaad, the special Swiss mix includes larky students on holiday from the nearby schools—Le Rosey, Montesano—hanging out at Charly's, near the skating rink; Genevois who commute by private plane or helicopter (a half-hour hop) from their lakeside houses in Geneva to their mountain chalets at Gstaad; ski-mad families from Venezuela, Greece, or the U. S., in rented chalets; serious skiiers taking a helicopter almost to the top of Les Diablerets for the great powder-snow skiing, less-serious ones enjoying a lengthy lunch—endless hors d'oeuvres, steak, salad, and a William Pear brandy—at the aerial Eagle Club, then skiing home down the Wasserngrat; backgammon at the Palace, jovial dinners at the Chlösterli, with its rustic Swiss specialties—*fondue*, dried meat, *apfeltorte*, the local red Dole or white Fendant wine; a spin of private parties at the chalets. . . . **MRS. HARILAOS THEODORACOPULOS,** *left*, at her chalet in Gstaad, gives marvellous Greek parties with her own American touch (roast turkey, for example, crowning a dinner of Greek delights). Here, in the snow, she wears a black suède coat edged with red fox, a jersey helicopter helmet, a trail of pink scarf. . . . **YOUNG FACES IN FUR,** *above:* Kitty Russell, *left*, and Tommy Kwan (son of actress Nancy Kwan) in fur hats by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon. . . . **GREAT SKI BOOT,** *left:* the Kastinger fibre-glass boot, seen on all the slopes. . . . **THE BOYS FROM LE ROSEY,** *opposite:* three with-it students from the famous boys' school at Gstaad, just back from England in their new London maxicoats.



MARY RUSSELL

HENRY
KE

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE **SNOW**

MRS. NICHOLAS SISTOVARIS, of Geneva, the former Josephine Chaplin—one of the pretty daughters of Charlie Chaplin—in a thick, cable-y white turtleneck, lunching at the Eagle Club in Gstaad. The club, a stone chalet, perches on top of Gstaad's best ski slope, the Wasserngrat—down which many of the guests, after a leisurely one-to-four lunch, whiz back to town.

BÉATRICE MOUILLAUX, a young French beauty skiing at St. Christoph (in the Austrian Alps), in an Afghan herdsman's embroidered jacket of tobacco-brown suède over tobacco-brown suède pants, a ribbed red turtleneck sweater, and a brass-buckled Sam Browne belt.

HENRY CLARKE

JEAN-JACQUES CORNET-EPINAT, *left,* of Paris, and **MILENA MAFFEI,** of Milan, at a skiing party in the Alps—he in a long otter coat over brown and white sweaters, Nepalese rabbit-fur pants; she in a dark-brown turtleneck over mustard ski pants, a fluff of red fox hat.

MRS. JOHN GREEN, of London, keeping tabs on a ski race at St. Christoph, in an ankle-length black mink coat and a knitted wool cap.

MR. AND MRS. PETER NORMAN, of London, weekending at St. Christoph—with William and Wilhelmina, two huge St. Bernard puppies owned by Mark Birley, who also owns Annabel's nightclub in London. Mr. Norman wears the cap of Annabel's ski-team, which raced, that weekend, against an equally spirited team fielded by Maxim's of Paris.

VERUSCHKA in her element—a beautiful queen of the snows in ribbed-knit jumpsuit, cross-strapped boots, streams of snow-white fox.

HENRY CLARKE

PIERLUIGI

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE SNOW

MME. JEAN-CLAUDE ABREU of Paris, a dashing gaucho in the snow, in oatmeal fringed vicuña Argentine poncho, dark-brown suède sombrero with cobra hatband, dark-brown cobra pants.

HENRY CLARKE

MRS. MICHAEL TAYLOR— a vivid, dark-haired young English beauty—shielded against sun and snow at Lech, in Austria. Enormous tinted glasses; bulky little coat of blue kit fox; avocado-green antelope pants; a long, citrus-yellow, cablestitch wool tunic—plus a loosely-tied scarf of printed silk, a long dangle of pearly beads.



TOP TO TOE

SPRING REPORT FOR FEET AND LEGS

Ready, set, go right into spring with the newest, brightest looks for feet and legs... shoes that lace and wrap and strap... via colourings and patterns on one piece body stockings, two-piece body stockings, tights, and boots of every length.... **ANKLE-WRAPPED GHILLIES AND THE ONE-PIECE BODY STOCKING,** below—grosgrain laces over a one-piece patterned body stocking in white and beige, with a little white shirt collar and short sleeves—just what you'd want to get your niftiest looks going. Ghillies, in taupe calfskin set on a stacked leather heel, by David Evins. About $55. At I. Miller; B. Forman; I. Magnin. Body stocking by Profile 70's, of rayon. About $[illegible]. At Bloomingdale's; Halle's-Cleveland, I. Magnin. **OXFORD-TIED GHILLIES WITH YOUR ONE-PIECE BODY STOCKING,** far right, plus a pleated and belted cork twill skirt and fringy beaded tie—great way to put a shirt and skirt look together. Ghillies by Silvia of Fiorentina in taffy leather and tan suède with leather laces; $52. Anne Klein skirt, Dacron and Avril rayon. About $65. Bloomingdale's; Henson's, Neiman-Marcus. K.J.L. earrings. Ter Rita De Lis for Narcissa, Verdôme ring. Coiffures on these eight pages: Ara Gallant.

AVEDON





This is the news: a two-piece body stocking—long-sleeved leotard and tights—with brilliant bands of colour laid on to give the effect of short socks, knee socks, armbands. Made of Formelle, a brand-new fibre that's sheer and light as a stocking, smooth and sleek as a second skin....Opposite: **THE TWO-PIECE BODY STOCKING PROPORTIONED WITH COLOUR**—bright blue with a red bandeau band across the chest, red bracelet bands on the sleeves, plus the look of red knee socks striped in black. Top, about $11; tights, about $7. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin.... And everything takes off from there....**WITH AZTEC-PATTERNED KNIT KNICKERS, THE LOOK OF KNEE SOCKS,** above left—in blue, with yellow stripes and black legs. About $7. At Lord & Taylor. The knickers, about $21; matching top, about $15; and red ribbed turtleneck, about $15. All by Sant' Angelo Knits, of Durene cotton. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Red-and-white clogs from Olofdaughters; $10....**WITH RIBBED KNIT KNICKERS, THE LOOK OF SHORT SOCKS,** above right—blue-and-yellow sock effect on transparent tights and a blue leotard top with yellow bracelet stripes. Tights, about $7; leotard, about $11. Lord & Taylor. Here, under a tiny green ribbed top and knickers bordered in bright violet and worn with braided green suède clogs. Turnout by Sant' Angelo Knits, of Celanese acetate. Top, about $12; knickers, about $18. At Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; The Denver; I. Magnin. Clogs by Olofdaughters; $11. Giorgio di Sant' Angelo necklace—a dangle of speckled feathers. Bracelets by Ruza Creations. Two-piece body stockings by American Knitting Mills for Giorgio di Sant' Angelo; of Formelle yarn by Rohm and Haas.

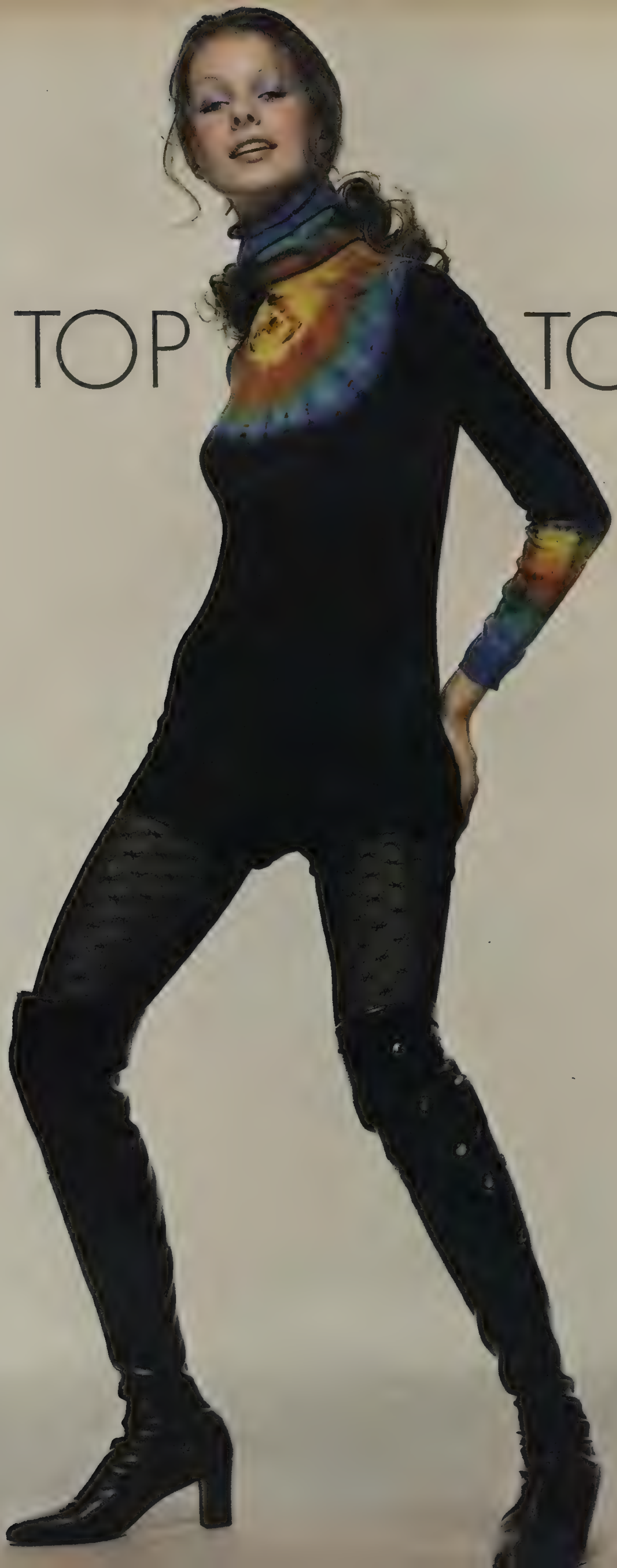


TOP TO TOE

AVEDON



TOP TO TOE



THE QUARTER BOOT WITH TUCKED-IN PANTS. The perfect boots to wear over pants, right, are quarter-length boots like these in the softest caramel kidskin—white mock lace-ups in front, zippers in back, and a low walking heel. Here, with ribbed camel-knit pants. Boots, $50 at Beth's Bootery, Saks Fifth Avenue. Pants, of Orlon, by Linda Kaufman for Alberoy. About $18. At Lord & Taylor; The Denver.

THE OVER-THE-KNEE BOOT WITH SHORT SHORTS, PATTERNED TIGHTS...and here are perfect boots for the nifty new short shorts, left—silver-studded black to just above the knee, set on high straight heels. A wonderful proportion with patterned black tights, black wool jersey shorts, and a black turtleneck splashed with tie-dye colour. Boots by David Evins. About $125. To order at I. Miller; I. Magnin. Trimfit tights, at Bergdorf Goodman; The Denver. Turnout by Halston. Sweater, of wool and angora, about $90. Shorts, about $60. Bloomingdale's; Ultimo-Chicago; Sakowitz....The perfect keyed-up makeup to wear with everything—Charcoal Blue Eye Shadow Powder for openers and a shimmer of Pink Honey Frost Enriched Moisturizing Lipstick. Both from Max Factor's Geminesse group, glowing here and on the next two pages.

AVEDON



JUNGLE JEWEL BOX

THE LIVE-AND-WORK STUDIOS OF MASTER JEWELLER JEAN SCHLUMBERGER ON GUADELOUPE

TEXT BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

One of the most successful designers of jewellery of his time, Jean Schlumberger has long been recognized as one of the most creative and influential. Since the outset of his career, when his designs for costume jewellery for Schiaparelli caused a minor sensation in Paris in 1938 and helped to revolutionize jewellery design, he has remained an inventive craftsman; a gentle revolutionary if ever there was one. His work has always been characterized by perfection of technique and delicacy of colour and form. At his retrospective exhibition in 1961, it seemed to have acquired with time an added attribute: a sort of inner life and grace, doubtless even harder to emulate than it is to describe. Perhaps it can be explained partially by the fact that he is just as acutely susceptible to the beauty of living things—birds and fish and animals, flowers and stalks and leaves—as to the luxurious potential harmonies of metals with stones. He is an artist, a poet, a composer—and a naturalist—in jewels. *(Continued on page 123)*

Above: Jean Schlumberger at the worktable where he paints his exacting, beautiful designs in the pavilion that holds his studio and bedroom, one of several small houses that make up his living space at Bisdary on Guadeloupe. *Right:* In another pavilion, one of the roofed galleries, outside-inside rooms with plants taking over as decoration. Among those in this afternoon gathering place for guests are a pair of topiary birds of West Indian holly.







THE COOL TUNE OF BLUE AND WHITE, JEAN SCHLUMBERGER'S TROPIC HOUSE

The living room, *left*, with its tray ceiling and red tile floor, sounds the notes of blue and white that re-echo through all the small pavilions framing three sides of a lawn to leave the fourth open on a view to the sea. Simple bamboo and rattan furniture has blue linen upholstery made in Hong Kong and cushions in blue-and-white batik from Bandoeng, Java. At the windows, plants, including orchids, grow in blue-and-white cachepots made in China about 150 years ago for the Siamese and Southeast Asian trade. *Right, top:* The cool play of blue and white continues into Jean Schlumberger's studio. On his blue-bordered worktable paintbrushes stand in a blue-and-white china container. His working library: books on flowers and shells, but not on jewellery. *Right, centre:* The studio-pavilion with its faintly chinoiserie balustrade, seen from the living-room pavilion across the lawn, glows at twilight against the silhouette of the small Guadeloupe mountain Houëlmont. *Right, below:* A detail of the cushions in the living room *(left)* where the formal blue-and-white is fired up by red torch ginger flowers and a magnificent assemblage of hibiscus.

HORST





A PERFECTION OF FLOWERS AT JEAN SCHLUMBERGER'S

Every morning in Guadeloupe, after an early breakfast and before starting work, Jean Schlumberger makes a fresh arrangement of hibiscus as careful, planned, and ravishing as a jewel. Each day it blazes in the same blue-and-white cachepot in the living room on the same table, *left,* with Chinese porcelain musical instruments—a pair of flutes, a bell, a drum—exquisite shams made for Chinese tombs. *Above:* The potting shed, as appealing as a genre painting, with its old stone floor, equipment bins, ladders, a bunch of bananas, ranged watering cans, and, in the foreground, a besom made from the flower stalk of a royal palm. *Below left:* The makings of the daily hibiscus arrangement; in front of the wilted remains from the previous day, the new hibiscus flower heads ready to be mounted on thin sticks made from the leaf stalks of a particular palm. *Below right:* An armoire painted by Jean Schlumberger, as were several other pieces, in the manner of old furniture in the fishermen's houses on the nearby Îles des Saintes.

HORST

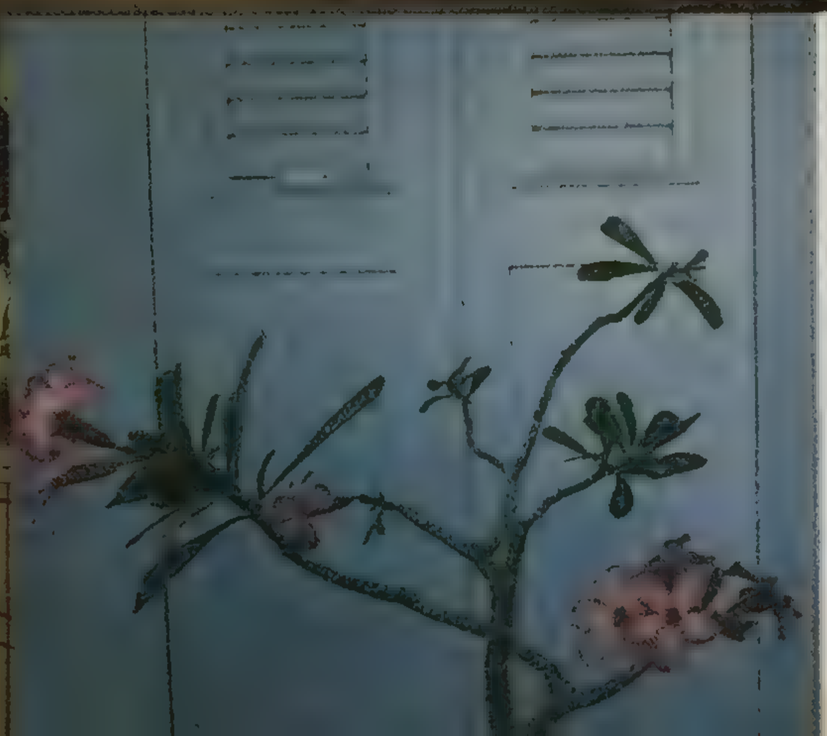


A SENSE OF THE SENSES AT JEAN SCHLUMBERGER'S

In the gallery off the living room a frieze of caladiums, begonias, and palms (many brought to Guadeloupe from Surinam) shape a background for a changing turn of table settings. *Above:* On a cloth patterned with blue-and-white seashells, red plates. *Far left:* A luncheon setting, yellow, black, and white. *Near left:* Flowers of an adenium, one of several plants brought by Jean Schlumberger from the Far East.

VOGUE, February 15, 1971





In a guest pavilion, *above*, a black iron bed swagged with mosquito netting stands between tables topped with Chinese-red trays of the kind used by Guadeloupe fishermen to store their nets. In the background, an armoire painted by Jean Schlumberger. In his bedroom, *far left*, he painted the doors, closet, and cabinets. *Near left:* An adenium, its calligraphy and lush pink flowers silhouetted like an Oriental drawing against a door of the guest pavilion.

HORST

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



1

DON'T YOU SUDDENLY FEEL LIKE WEARING A HAT THIS SPRING?

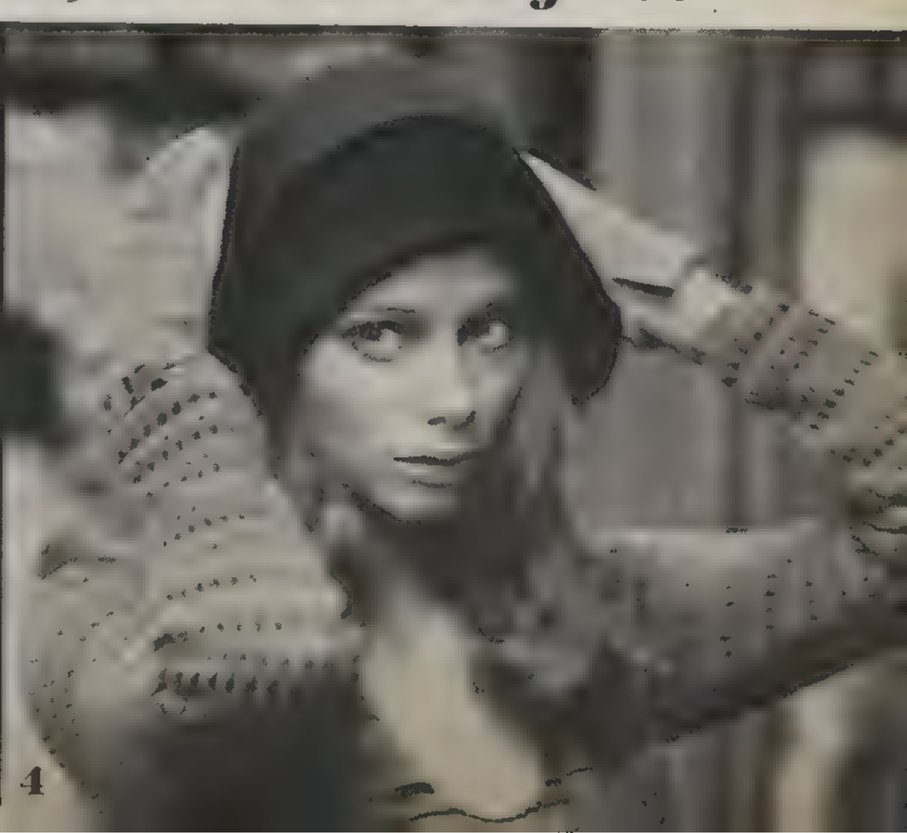
1. Maybe it's in the air . . . we want to pull on a little hat—it makes our whole look complete. . . . Heidi's is a black wool beret with her grass-green suède jacket . . . Norma Jean's stitched-down brimmed cloche is cornflower-blue felt . . . Karen's George Rafty felt fedora has a grosgrain band. . . . Everything, by Halston, 33 East 68th Street, New York City. . . .



2



3



4



5

5. JEAN MUIR's leaping culottes, pinafore top—dove-grey suède, trimmed in claret and coal-grey rick-rack. Crêpe de Chine shirt in same smoky tones. Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th Street, N. Y. C....

7. THE "SPECTACULAR" of early spring—white Turkish sheepskin coat, hand-painted with brilliant flowers and butterflies. Coat, $140: Odyssey, 49 Greenwich Avenue ... the painting costs about $40 at Shiva Trading Co., 120 Second Avenue, N. Y. C. ....

SPRING PULLONS—we all want some kind of topper ... maybe 2: oatmealy hand-crocheted cap, $12. DD Dominick, 246 E. 51st St.... Or 3: a saffron jersey stocking cap. About $15. Stephen Burrows' World, Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St.... Or 4: spinach jersey cloche. By Brousseau, $12: Gavroche, 827 Madison Ave.... Missoni striped sweater set: Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Ave....

JACK ROBINSON



6

6. THIS SEASON's version of one of the great capes—the one with the right price—$30.... For spring, it's heathery-blue flannel, same price; matching skirt, $14; blue sweater, $10. The Little Store, 242 E. 77th St....



More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*



GOOD HEALTHY LIVING: SO ATTRACTIVE

1. RADIANT HEALTH! What we all want.... Serendipity 3 now has a snazzy new natural foods restaurant on the second floor . . . a shop-window free juice bar. . . . (Wendy's saffron-yellow printed Indian cotton dress, $65, from Serendipity 3, too.) 225 East 60th Street. . . .

2. THE HEALTHY BEAUTY BAR, right next to Serendipity 3, is called i cosmetics; 227 East 60th Street. It looks delicious—all spring green and white décor . . . smells delicious—as all the healthy, herby face paints and products are made from fresh, organic strawberries, lemons, honeys, and herbs.... Heidi, Karen, and Norma Jean in their Halston togs stopped in to try everything on. . . .


1

JACK ROBINSON


2

JEWEL BOX

(Continued from page 112)

When World War II broke out in France in 1939, Jean Schlumberger served in the French Army; was evacuated from Dunkirk in 1940; returned to France; escaped from Bayonne; came to New York to work for the French cause—and designed four couture collections for Chez Ninon on the side—returned to England after Pearl Harbor to join the Free French Forces; and served as a French liaison officer with the British Army in the Middle East.

After the war, Schlumberger returned to America. First he headed a firm of his own. Later he became a vice-president of Tiffany's, where he has his own department. Since the 1950's, he has also had his own firm in Paris.

Though one might assume that he must spend his days commuting between France and the United States, he does nothing of the kind. He owns a house in New York and an apartment in Paris; and habitually spends the early summer months in Paris, and the fall months in New York. But the greater part of his creative work as a designer is done in a secluded pavilion in a remote tropical garden on an island in the Lesser Antilles: his studio at Bisdary, near Gourbeyre, Guadeloupe.

Bisdary, where Jean Schlumberger is usually to be found from Christmas until early April, lies close to the southern end of Guadeloupe, at most a couple of miles from the ocean. It was originally a fort, and later the centre of a coffee (and banana and vanilla) plantation. It is still, in a sense, something of a fort. One approaches it up a short but steep causeway, blocked at its highest point by a barrier to prevent anyone's driving a car into its precincts. And it is still the centre of a plantation, but a private one of palms and flowering trees and orchids and exotic shrubs. It stands on a low spur of a towering wooded mountain at the end of a ridge. No doubt the spot was chosen as the site of a fort because it commands on one side a panorama of the country inland, right up to the distant volcano *La Soufrière;* and on the other side, a sweeping view of the sea.

Twelve years ago, when Jean Schlumberger bought the former plantation buildings and three acres of the surrounding sixty-acre property, the plantation was run down and the buildings were dilapidated. At most, two of the buildings seemed capable of restoration: the main house, based on the stone walls of the old fort, and a smaller house facing it, across a level clearing. Both buildings were in the traditional local style: with wooden walls, loggias with balustrades, and roofs of weather-faded, red-painted tôle, supported by posts, and sloping out at a slightly wider angle where they covered the loggias, so that the outlines of the roofs had an attractive, mildly Oriental flavour. For the rest, there were a few nondescript outhouses and a semi-subterranean arcaded building called *"le boucan"* from the Carib word for "fire"—hence the English word "buccaneer"—since it was there that fires were lit to dry the coffee beans.

Altogether, the place had little to recommend it but its sequestered site, its superb views inland and out to sea, and the remains of a water channel leading down from an upper slope that might be made to serve at least a three-acre garden.

Remaining faithful to the traditional architectural style, employing only local native workmen, Jean Schlumberger restored the main house (which now contains a living room and an adjoining gallery, two guest-rooms, and a kitchen). He rebuilt the smaller house that faces it—across what is now a lawn—and converted it into a studio pavilion for himself. On the site of a house behind the new studio, he built an entirely new guest pavilion. Where the coffee beans had once been spread to dry, he built a long pavilion—based on the solid foundation of the *boucan* below—with a guest bedroom and bathroom adjoining a spacious gallery, half sitting-room, half loggia.

After his restoration and reconstruction, the three principal buildings of Bisdary formed a harmonious group of pavilions with loggias on three sides of a lawn with the fourth side left open to give a view to the sea.

All was well, until a hurricane hit the island in 1964. Each of the three main pavilions suffered serious damage. The tôle roof of the newly built middle pavilion was lifted clean off. Jean Schlumberger had his middle pavilion rebuilt: but this time he had the roof made of wood instead of tôle, and fixed firmly down with wooden pegs, in an even older, all but forgotten, Guadeloupian fashion.

He furnished all his pavilions, galleries, and loggias relatively simply as befits a house where life is led as much outdoors as indoors, and mostly half in and half out. Much of the furniture is from the Far East, made of bamboo and rattan. The sofa in the living room has seats and backs of blue linen bought in Hong Kong and cushions of blue-and-white batik from Java. Many of the even simpler pieces—locally constructed wooden armoires and commodes—he painted himself (as he painted some of the doors and walls) with panels of pale blue or pale grey or pale blue-green, inspired by the old furniture in the houses on the nearby Îles des Saintes, still inhabited by the descendants of the fishermen who sailed across to the main island and climbed the ridge of Bisdary to cut the bamboos for their booms.

Blue and white and grey—and the green of vegetation—are the colours that prevail throughout the house. In the living-room gallery, a selection of palm seedlings from Paramaribo, Surinam, grow in blue-and-white cache-pots made a century and a half ago in China for the Siamese and Southeast Asian market. In the studio, Jean Schlumberger's plain wooden work table is edged with pale blue. His desk chair has a blue-and-white striped cushion. His paintbrushes are ranged, upright, in an oblong blue-and-white china box; and when he paints in watercolour, he dips his brush into a white china beaker with a blue bamboo design. In the adjoining bedroom, his white-posted bed has a white valance with a blue border, a blue bedcover, and blue-and-white *toile de Jouy* sheets.

In the airy, uncluttered rooms, the repeated use of the blue-and-white motif, far from seeming precious or pedantic, is as satisfying as a series of expertly played variations on a musical theme.

There are few objects on display and few pictures on the walls. Palms and orchids, dieffenbachia and philodendron quercifolia, caladiums and begonias—and a memorable, daily-renewed arrangement of hibiscus blossoms—are here a more appropriate form of decoration. For if Bisdary is primarily a place where he works on his jewellery designs in uninterrupted peace every morning and a part of every evening for months on end, it is also a place where he can indulge his passion for plants and flowers.

Guadeloupe lies south of the Tropic of Cancer. Bisdary is situated almost exactly on the 16th parallel. But the island's day temperature, from December to May, rarely if ever rises as high as 85 degrees. Though the sky is predominantly blue, it is seldom absolutely cloudless. Over the island as a whole, from November to June, rainfall takes the form of passing showers, barely long enough to drive a serious gardener indoors and ideally suited to produce a garden containing many of the flowers familiar to Europe and many less familiar plants from Asia—not to mention native flowers and trees and shrubs.

Jean Schlumberger, who has a wry way of describing his daily life at Bisdary as a conventual discipline, is also apt to dismiss his garden as no more than *"un jardin de curé tropical."* It is true that his three acres, like the proverbial French priest's quarter-of-an-acre or less, include a greater concentration and variety of healthy plants to a square foot than many infinitely larger and more pretentious gardens. But they would be more accurately described as a cross between the background of some late eighteenth-century or early nineteenth-century Romantic novel about *créole* life, and a miniature, meticulously tended, twentieth-century *jardin botanique.*

Small as it is, it is a garden composed of many lesser gardens; of slopes and terraces; of ntimate corners and touching details; of narrow jungle paths and open spaces dotted with colour like an Impressionist painting, and petals as brilliant as the plumage of a tropical bird.

Partially shaded by a spreading saman tree—a fast-growing Central American native that closes its foliage at night and allows the rain to penetrate to the soil beneath—there is a small garden of raised, stone-edged beds containing some less flamboyant garden characters: tuberose and zinnia, gerbera and sage, around an oblong *bassin* edged with angel's-wing begonias and lilies of the Nile.

(Continued on page 126)

VOGUE'S SUPER DIET Tips on to get around the No-No's of the low-carbohy-

(Continued from page 98)

SUPER DRINKS

Learn to sip fruit juices and alcoholic drinks. Quench your thirst first with water or diet soda. A sugarless lemonade or limeade made with spring water makes a nice apéritif. Mountain Valley, Évian, Deer Park are classy bottled still waters. Perrier and Saratoga Geyser are sparkling tinglers. . . . Diet sodas on Dr. Atkins okay list: No-Cal, Cotts, Hoffman, Shasta, Diet Vernors, and Fresca. . . . Tomato juice or V-8 is allowed in small quantities after you've lost several pounds. . . . Grapefruit juice only if you're doing *very* well.

SUPER SUBSTITUTES

Heavy cream diluted with water when milk is called for in cooking. . . . Bean sprouts for rice. . . . Fruits and vegetables for bread stuffing. . . . Soya powder (full-fat) for flour.

SUPER SANDWICHES

Since bread is a No-No on the Super Diet (except one-half slice of gluten bread a day if you're a successful dieter), you dream up "finger food" with ingenuity. Enclose *smoked baby oysters* in a thin slice of *chicken. Homemade cole slaw* in *roast beef.* A stick of *honeydew melon* (with lemon juice and oil) in *prosciutto. Chopped raw onion* in *smoked salmon. Sour cream* and *caviar* between two *cucumber rounds.* Rolled *anchovy* in *Edam cheese. Deviled ham* in *Swiss cheese.* A stick of *cheddar* in a *lettuce leaf. Lobster-mayonnaise* cuddled in a *whole cucumber,* sliced lengthwise in two. *Bacon* curled around *smoked oysters.*

SUPER SNACKS

HARD-BOILED EGGS

CHICKEN DRUMSTICKS

BROILED CHICKEN WINGS

FRIED PORK RINDS
(Baken-Ets or any brand without added starch)

SHRIMPS WITH MAYONNAISE DIP

SUPER GARNISHES

GRATED CHEESE

SOUR CREAM

MINCED HARD-BOILED EGG YOLK

MINCED SAUTÉED MUSHROOMS

FRIED PORK RINDS
(instead of croutons)

SUPER APPETIZERS

ASPICS
(unsweetened, or artificially sweetened)

CAVIAR

COCKTAIL SAUSAGES

GRUYÈRE
(or any aged cheese)

PÂTÉ

SALMON

SARDINES

SMOKED EEL

SUPER RECIPES

DR. ATKINS'S CHEESE CAKE

Blend thoroughly together *6 eggs; 2 Tablespoons lemon juice; 2 teaspoons vanilla; 4 teaspoons soft margarine* or *vegetable oil; 4 teaspoons Sucaryl* or *equivalent.* . . . Then add *32 ounces cottage* or *pot cheese.* Blend until very smooth. . . . Pour into narrow long pan, such as a loaf pan, to insure cake against falling. Top with cinnamon. Bake in preheated 350° oven 45 minutes or until firm. Turn off oven, leave cake there with door open for about 1 hour, then chill. Overnight refrigeration will add to the flavour. Extracts or No-Cal Brand syrups can be added for variety in flavours.

CHICKEN TERIYAKI

Marinate *4 breasts of chicken* for 1 hour in: *¾ cup dry white wine; 3 Tablespoons soy sauce; 3 Tablespoons water; 1 teaspoon Sucaryl (more, if preferred); ½ teaspoon powdered ginger; 1 clove garlic, grated (optional); ½ teaspoon Beau Monde seasoning* or other gourmet powder. . . . Then broil a few inches from flame, ten minutes each side starting skin side down. Move medium distance from heat and continue to broil skin side up 30 minutes, basting often with sauce. Use remainder of sauce to sauté *1 can bean sprouts* and *1 medium onion sliced.* Place sautéed mixture on lettuce leaves and top with chicken breasts. (Word from Dr. Atkins on this one: "The best part is eating it cold the next day for a snack. Make a whole vat of the marinating stuff. It keeps for weeks.")

CHEERY-CHERRY DESSERT

Mix: *2 envelopes Cherry D-Zerta; 1 cup boiling water; 1 teaspoon cinnamon extract* or *1 cinnamon stick; 4 cloves.* . . . Let stand for a few minutes, remove cloves. Add *1 cup cold water* or *about 10 ice cubes* (remove undissolved pieces after few minutes), chill until firm. May be eaten this way or: When firm, put into blender; add *⅓ cup pot cheese.* Blend until smooth; pour into mould or dish and chill until set. (Word from Dr. Atkins: "If you're one of those lucky people who still have cyclamates, a few drops of it will brighten the flavour of this one.")

MOCK POTATO PANCAKES

Put in blender: *1 egg; ⅓ cup pot cheese; several dashes salt;* blend until cheese is smooth. . . . Prepare *1 package frozen cauliflower* in *½ cup boiling water* to which *2 teaspoons onion bouillon* has been added. When cauliflower is thoroughly cooked, add piece by piece to blender containing egg and cheese mixture. When blades can no longer blend, add onion bouillon a tablespoon at a time, taking care not to let substance become too thin. Three tablespoons of bouillon maximum. When mixture is smooth, add: *3 Tablespoons sharp grated cheddar cheese; 3 Tablespoons chopped onions.* . . . Mixture should be consistency of mashed potatoes, though of rougher texture. Remove from blender and for added flavour, fold in about *½ teaspoon caraway seeds.* Pour into shallow skillet or range-to-oven dish and brown bottom on medium heat. Broil till lightly brown on top and serve.

SUPER EGG NOG

Blend until smooth in blender: *2 eggs; 2 Tablespoons pot cheese; 1 teaspoon maple extract* (optional); *½ teaspoon vanilla; artificial sweetener* to taste; *several dashes of: cinnamon, nutmeg, salt.* . . . Pour into chilled glass, top with nutmeg. Variation: add *½ teaspoon rum* or *brandy extract.*

how to play the game, deliciously, and how drate, high-protein diet shown on page 99.

LA DOLCE OMELETTE
(for one)

Blend: *2 eggs; 3 Tablespoons cottage cheese; ½ teaspoon salt; 3 dashes nutmeg; artificial sweetener* to taste; *½ teaspoon vanilla; 15 drops of maple extract.* . . . Blend till smooth—pour into small preheated omelette skillet with small amount oil or butter—medium low heat. When edges are golden brown, transfer to preheated broiler and cook just to set. Take out of skillet in one piece. Serve with diet syrup.

PICKLED FISH SNACKS

Fillets of white meat fish . . . perch recommended *(1-2 packages of frozen fish usual amount prepared at one time)*. . . . Brown fillets in *3 Tablespoons lemon juice, salt and pepper* in non-stick skillet over medium heat. When browned and cooked through, set aside in deep bowl. Combine *2 cups cider vinegar; 1 cup water; 2 Tablespoons Sucaryl; 2 medium onions sliced; 1 green* or *red pepper sliced in julienne strips;* and *1 Tablespoon pickling spice* in sauce pan and boil for 5 minutes. Add *3 Tablespoons capers* and pour over fish. If you want to save mixture for pickling something else, pour enough over prepared fillets to cover them. Marinate overnight. Fish will last for a week in refrigerator. Pickling spice may be used in cheese cloth bag or drained away after boiling, if preferred.

GOURMET LIVER PÂTÉ

Combine in medium skillet: *3 Tablespoons brandy; liquid from 1 4-oz. can mushrooms; 8 oz.* fresh or frozen *chicken livers.* Bring to boil—cook at that temperature until livers are done: about 7 min. or until liquid is evaporated. Dissolve *2 envelopes* (cube or packet) *bouillon in 1 cup warm water;* pour ¼ cup into blender and sprinkle *gelatine* over liquid. While softening, bring ½ cup beef bouillon to boil and add to blender. Cover and blend about 8 seconds on low, then twice as long on high. Add remaining bouillon; chicken liver mixture; mushrooms; *2 Tablespoons parsley; 2 Tablespoons chopped onions; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; ¼ teaspoon nutmeg.* Cover and blend on high about 15 seconds. Pour into 1 mould or into several moulds and chill until firm. Yield is 2½ cups pâté.

CRÊPES CONSTANTINE

Separate 3 eggs. . . . Cream with electric beater *3 egg yolks; 1 teaspoon Sucaryl; 6 oz. soft farmer cheese; 1 teaspoon vanilla; ¼ teaspoon salt.* . . . Beat egg whites (room temperature) to soft peaks, then add *2 Tablespoons soya powder* gradually and beat until very stiff. Fold into cheese batter. . . . Grease heavy griddle with *1 Tablespoon margarine* or *butter* and heat. Drop spoonful onto griddle and bake on both sides until golden brown. . . . Serve hot with thick sour cream. . . . Serves 3.

MUSHROOM GALA

Drain *½ cup canned mushroom slices* . . . dissolve *1 teaspoon onion bouillon* in *3 Tablespoons hot water.* . . . Put into blender: *1 cup sour cream* or *Ricotta cheese; 2 Tablespoons chopped onions; mushrooms; bouillon; salt and pepper.* . . . Blend until mixture is just combined, not homogenized. . . . Serve with cucumber slices, celery sticks, or mushroom caps, as a dip or as a filling. Can be baked in mushroom caps at 350° for 15 minutes and served hot.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

(Continued from page 12)

in which warm paraffin wax was poured all over me. Wrapped in wax paper, with cold pads on the eyes, I slumbered in a gentle torpor. My body seemed to perspire all its impurities away. I was then unpacked, peeled of the wax, and led, draped in pink sheets, to the massage room. Lunch was served, as usual, outdoors—there *is* no bad weather in Arizona—at tables shaded by giant umbrellas. In a hungry silence I devoured the garden-fresh, heavenly seasoned vegetables, the lean meat, the fish, and the fluffy dessert. I felt virtuous, shivering at the mere thought of buttered rolls, Bloody Marys, ice cream.

After lunch, protected by Elizabeth Arden Sun Pruf Cream, I joined my "classmates" around the pool in an irresistible, almost incantatory conversation about beauty, beauty secrets, and beautification—the only things that seem to matter when one is at Maine Chance. But soon we were moving on to the afternoon routine and were given the choice of a swim in the pool or an immersion in the whirlpool for fifteen minutes of slapping by jets of warm water. I emerged from the whirlpool tired but happy. Reward at Maine Chance comes daily and unfailingly: the scale has good news from the very first day, even if for the moment it reads that one has lost just half a pound, and most of it water. Real fat begins to melt on the third day.

At 7 P.M., we joined British-born Miss Elmsley, the unruffable directress, and Mrs. Jay, Maine Chance's impeccable hostess, for watercress cocktails. Everybody looked pretty, dressed-up, and bejewelled—hardly recognizable from the morning's white-and-blue uniforms. At 7:20, a masterpiece of four courses accomplished by José, the Chilean chef, was served. A diminutive gentleman with a huge white hat and references worthy of a royal palace's kitchen, José Bello runs the cookhouse with the aplomb of a calorie-conscious admiral. The last night I spent there, José created in my honour a magnificent low-calorie Baked Alaska . . . my first, and probably the last *I* shall ever taste.

Maine Chance is a four-hour plane trip from New York. It costs from $800 to $900 a week, plus 15% gratuities (no tips allowed) and Arizona State tax. Reservations can be made at the Maine Chance office of the Elizabeth Arden Salon, 691 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022, well in advance, for there is space only for 30 to 40 guests. Maine Chance is open from early October to early May.

JEWEL BOX

(Continued from page 123)

It is a garden of buildings, too, including, apart from the pavilions and the potting-shed, a beguilingly pretty greenhouse with a glass roof and trellised walls—full of phlox and marigold and nicotiana seedlings, coleus and gloxinia, amaryllis from Ceylon and Kenya, and bromeliads from Hawaii; a shade house, cool and damp, for house plants; and a slat house for orchids.

Many houses dominate their gardens. At Bisdary the garden dominates—and invades—the house.

The verandah of Jean Schlumberger's studio-pavilion contains his characteristically choice and expert half-indoor, private garden of orchids and palms. Jasmine (brought from a friend's garden near Palm Beach) grows up the pavilion's rear wall, under a MacArthur palm, close to a clump of Amazon lilies.

The interior of the gallery in the middle wing is lined with palms. Along the balustrade, outside, grow dendrobium and epidendron orchids; bougainvillaea from India, with some of its flowers white and some pink; pink-flowering adenium, native to South Africa but found by Jean Schlumberger in Southeast Asia; and a hibiscus that was there before the wing was built and that, rather than destroy, he cut back and trained into a tree. From the roof overhead hangs a Siamese bamboo fruit holder: used today to hold a glass of sugar-water to attract bullfinches and *banana quits.*

The garden of Bisdary is also a garden of sounds. A Burmese bell hanging from a tree on the lawn tinkles when the wind sways the branches. From inside the studio, while Jean Schlumberger works, there often comes the sound, softly toned down, of record or radio. And almost perpetually, there is the sound of water falling. The plantation's old irrigation ditch along the hillside has been restored. Water splashes in the stone water course down the slope to the shade house, and swirls through the round rum vat in the ruins of the former kitchen below the living-room windows. Occasionally, too, a shot reverberates from the valley below—for no more sinister reason than that gunfire is the islanders' most effortless method of dislodging the breadfruit from the trees around their cabins.

The tropical fruit and vegetables are much used at Bisdary too. At breakfast one drinks the juice of the soursop (*corrossol*) or of papayas, freshly picked by Emmanuel, the gardener. Lunch and dinner often consist of local dishes: breadfruit croquettes, land crab soufflé, *sorbet à coco* (cocoanut sherbet), or *soupe à Congo*—the recipe for which demands such exotic ingredients as *boucoussou* peas, a piece each of yellow *igname* and white *igname*, and one *malanga.*

At Bisdary, Jean Schlumberger employs an indoor staff of three, all with the amiable and easy-going dispositions characteristic of Guadeloupian women: a cook, a daily maid, and last but not least, a laundress—no insignificant figure in the French Antilles, which have long been renowned for expert laundering. (The Empress Josephine regularly sent her finest linen from Paris to be washed on her native island of Martinique.)

Daily life at Bisdary starts early. Jean Schlumberger is up between seven and eight, breakfasts in the living-room gallery, makes his hibiscus arrangement and goes back to his studio where he works (with a short break from ten to ten-thirty) throughout the morning. He owns no car, has built no swimming pool, rarely goes to the beach.

For two months every year, however, August and September, Jean Schlumberger takes a vacation—or more accurately goes in search of more plants for his house and garden, furniture or materials for his rooms and galleries, food for his thoughts, and inspiration for his talent. He is particularly fond of the countries of the Far East and has travelled to Kashmir, Nepal, India and Ceylon, Thailand, Indonesia, Hong Kong, and the Philippines. This year he plans to return to Hawaii to add to his treasury of hibiscus. Last year he went to South America, to the borders of Brazil and French Guiana, where he stayed for weeks with primitive Indian tribes: an experience which, he claims, left him with an unearthly feeling of happiness—as though he had been "touched by grace."

Jean Schlumberger the man is as exceptional as Jean Schlumberger the artist: a rare blend of practical sense and fantasy, assurance and elusiveness, irony and sentiment. At Bisdary, he is a generous and considerate host; but no guest in his—or her—senses would risk disturbing him when he is at work in his studio. His capacity for self-discipline and his devotion to his art seem infinite.

In his words: "*Toutes les émotions nourrissent un esprit créatif.*" All emotions nourish a creative spirit. ▼

TAROT

(Continued from page 85)

spreading the cards for fortune telling, whether for a "life reading" or in answer to a single question, have varied from period to period.

"Strip Tarot," a new game—much like contemporary open-end psychiatric games—using the Tarot deck, can be played by up to eight people, none of whom need to have any knowledge of the history or traditions of the Tarot. "Strip Tarot," a joke on many levels, plugs into the sort of mythic shorthand—with its timeless ideas about experience—that has always made the cards so appealing. The extraordinary insights and uncanny revelations are "all in the cards." Unlike "Truth" and other psychological exploitation games, no one is "It." Players try to discover themselves through the cards they have been dealt. The game is as much, or as little, as the group makes it.

Players are seated around a table or in a circle on the floor. The deck is shuffled and cut. Each player in turn receives the deck and then deals out, face down, one card to each of the players including himself. When all the players have dealt, the remaining cards are set aside; each player picks up his hand and considers which card seems to fit each of his fellow players. After a few moments, each player distributes his cards, one to each fellow player, face down, retaining just one card. The players shuffle the cards they have received and pick them up.

The game begins. The first player selects a card from his hand and confronts the player who he thinks has given it to him, explaining why he thinks the other has made that particular choice. The reasons may vary from a purely visual reading of the card, "You gave me a Queen of Wands because of the black cat," to a more complicated reading, "You gave me the Hermit because you know the reason I like to be alone is because no one else seems to measure up. I'm always trying to find someone I can respect."

The player confronted then answers by saying whether or not it has been his choice. If it is not the card he gave the player, he receives it as an attribute, a projection of how the other sees him; and the real giver speaks up to say why he gave it to the receiver.

If the first player is correct in his confrontation, he keeps the card. His intuition is accurate. The attribute is his. (At the end of the game, the player with the greatest number of "attributes" is the winner because he possesses the greatest awareness. He is the *illuminatus.*)

Even if the confrontation is correct, both the giver and the receiver must explain their reasons. The game proceeds player by player until all the cards have been identified and stripped their psyches.

In the many transformations of the Tarot, the ruling card controls the deck. For the Middle Ages, it was the Devil. In more contemporary versions, it is the Fool. ▼

STOCK MARKET

(Continued from page 88)

External success reassures him, but only temporarily—there must always be another game, another deal, another kick.

Dr. Papanek explained: "This way of perceiving the world can influence the selection of a wife, can dictate the kind of relationship he may have with his wife. As an adult he fears that a woman can undermine his self-esteem, but he has found one thing that will not—work, success! The other solution is not to get too *deeply* involved with a woman; for to do that would be to place himself at her mercy; his self-esteem would depend on her. The company of men is safer, easier."

Queried on the market's relation to a man's self-esteem, a broker replied: "Well of course, one's self-esteem is involved. Why wouldn't it be? After all, with all your experience and training you guess wrong! When you tried and you guessed wrong, you are bound to feel as if you're a failure. And, if in guessing wrong you've lost a lot for others, there is a terrible sense of guilt. You've hurt someone else who depended on you. Failure and guilt don't do much for your self-esteem."

This kind of man under constant tension with a woman may be inhibited sexually, but not necessarily impotent. Although impotency is not his pattern, he can easily become so; he is not usually a good lover.

It is not surprising then that a man's potency can be controlled by his idea about achievement. If he is a failure, if he loses money, he has in a sense lost himself; he is not a man. Then he is even more frightened of women.

Dr. Weinberg said that "a man who loses in the market, even though he may feel a failure, may, in addition, unconsciously blame his wife for the failure, for impotency. Of course she is not to blame for the stock market's going down, but he may feel the only reason she likes him is that he has been a success. He may feel the most important thing to her is money—because money is the most important thing to him. Therefore, he feels that if he doesn't bring home the money she won't love him any more, his prestige will be damaged in her eyes and their joint prestige damaged.

"It often happens," he said, "that the man is reading the situation unrealistically. Also when he becomes impotent, his wife may just as easily feel it is her fault. She is no longer attractive, she can no longer excite him, he does not want her any more. Or, she may begin to believe that he has another woman, a mistress. Either way she feels rejected. She may not try to excite him for fear of rejection, and he will not try to stimulate her for fear of failure again. Results? Stalemate! But if the stock market rallies, he begins to succeed, he is a winner again. His self-esteem picks up, and so does everything else."

Dr. Weinberg also believes that many of his male patients who became impotent at the beginning of a declining market were in some ways impotent for years before. The feeling of impotency came first in their financial, business lives, in their family affairs, in their handling of relationships. The drop of the market made them face their inadequacy when, in fact, they could not perform sexually.

Dr. Weinberg, drawing on his experience in the treatment of impotency, said: "Sex is an instinct. Everything in life has a rhythm. Disturb any one of the rhythms, for whatever reason, and you throw the whole-life rhythm off. A disturbance of body rhythm can cause conscious awareness of automatic bodily processes. The moment you become aware of the heart beating, you listen to it, may experience palpitations. The moment you become aware of breathing, you may experience difficulty. If you become aware of walking, which foot you are going to step forward with, you may stumble. This awareness of what is an involuntary, automatic, rhythmic activity can cause trouble.

"The same rhythmic process applies to sex. If a man becomes aware of possible sexual difficulties, he becomes anxious, his rhythm is interrupted. . . . He has become aware," Dr. Weinberg said, "of the involuntary, automatic, instinctual process of sex. A psychological hang-up enters into what was a normal, automatic, rhythmic function."

Dr. Weinberg summed up: "I don't know why this impotency business should surprise anyone, but it might surprise one to know that the solution may be simple. I think the right therapy is to teach each person not to be afraid of failure or of success, then to get him back on his right rhythmic pattern." ▼

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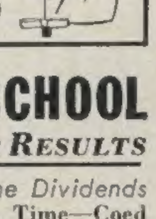
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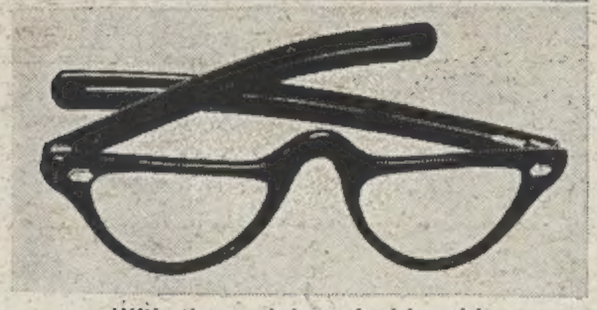
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DETONATIONS IN LONDON

BY QUENTIN CREWE

As I went into Burkes for dinner the other evening, a bomb went off some fifty yards away, outside the Italian Trade Centre, and I reflected that this was an explosive year for Britain.

A demonstrative Irishman threw a canister of C.S. gas from the public gallery into the chamber of the House of Commons. His purpose was to give a practical experience to those who authorize the use of this gas to quell disturbances in Belfast. Those who hoped for proof positive that Tories are more courageous than Labourites—we still have occasional digs about the number of Socialist conscientious objectors in the last war—were disappointed. A number of members on both sides were seen to scuttle with undignified haste (later excused on the grounds of respiratory ailments), while acts of bravery were performed equally by the two parties. While the hissing object was still thought, reasonably enough, to be an explosive, two people in particular risked being blown up in order to protect their colleagues. A newly elected member, Winston Churchill, the grandson of the famous Churchill, rushed forward. So did Andrew Faulds, who is usually known for his theatrical abuse of authority and who is constantly being rebuked for his unparliamentary language. Churchill is, of course, a Tory; and Faulds, an actor by profession, is a Labourite. So it was a draw.

Bomb scares have not been very fashionable in Britain since the time of Guy Fawkes, but now they seem an almost everyday occurrence and all too often they are not merely scares. A young couple found a metal cashbox in a blue bag under their seats in a cinema. They later declared that it was their intention to take the box to a police station. If so, virtue was not rewarded, for, far from containing cash as they had supposed, the box exploded savagely on the back seat of their Mini not far from the cinema.

The bomb theme seems to have seized upon our imaginations. Ceredig Davies, a young man who, despite his name, has been to Wales only twice in his life, wrote a musical called *Lie Down I Think I Love You* about some students who put a bomb on the roof of the British Broadcasting Company. Ceredig's wife, Vanessa Miles (sister of Sarah who is at present stunning audiences in the Robert Bolt play *Vivat! Vivat Regina!* at the Piccadilly Theatre), plays the female lead. Ray Brooks, of *The Knack,* plays the male lead. The music is the best in any British musical for years, but some critics claim that the impact of the show is as slight as that of the bomb in the story. The message of the piece is the pointlessness of student protest in Britain. Ceredig maintains that "groups are formed for the wrong reason. It gives them an identity and they use the movements to sort out their sexual dilemmas." I am secretly pleased to hear that they have such dilemmas.

The bangs of malefactors are not the only ones to concern us. Our super-supersonic aircraft, the Concorde, has been rushing up and down a special corridor on the west coast, so that we may assess the effect of its boom. For some reason places of worship appear to be regarded as the best places to judge this. Technicians have crouched in St. David's Cathedral and Truro Cathedral eyeing their seismographs or whatever it is they use. From their reports all would seem to be well. Other sources have different views and tell tales of falling plaster, aborting cows, and trembling old-age pensioners. This has led to dark stories of the manufacturers flying a few miles off the course so as to deceive the reverend listeners.

Another ecclesiastical bang took place at the wedding of Hugh Cavendish, a cousin of the Duke of Devonshire, to Grania Caulfield, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The unwary and the untutored had either paid no attention to or not understood the meaning of their hymn sheets. When the music started for the couple to come down the aisle, half the congregation jumped as if the Concorde had passed over: Instead of any ordinary wedding march the organ blasted out Messiaen's *Dieu Parmi Nous.* The other surprise that the wedding produced was the reception's being held at Brook's Club. This originally stalwartly Liberal institution—Charles James Fox was its most famous member—must have been mildly startled, on the first occasion it has ever held such a party, at entertaining the Tory ex-Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and the arch-Tory Lord Salisbury. In addition to this, Brook's had to admit ladies and one young man in a crochet jumpsuit. It was a good party.

Then we have had a botanical explosion. Suddenly southern England was covered with giant hogweed. This is an enormous umbelliferous plant like a huge cow parsley. It escaped from Kew Gardens and finds England very agreeable. The English find it less so because if touched in sunlight it produces weals that can leave a scar for two years or more.

There have been other bombshells aplenty. George Brown, our former unpredictable Foreign Secretary, now Lord George Brown, has published his memoirs, letting cats out of the bag like Roman candles. Germaine Greer has published *The Female Eunuch,* a violent call to revolution addressed to women. She believes that women in their submissiveness may even have lost the power over their bodies that might have made them the physical equals of men. She quite disturbed me when I met her, for she is beautiful, intelligent, and admirable. My virility was restored, however, when she confessed that part of the reason for her militancy was that she rather dislikes women. She wants a woman, as did Professor Higgins, to be more like a man. She loves men. Bernard Levin's book, published on Guy Fawkes Day, *The Pendulum Years* (published this month in America by Atheneum under the title *Run It Down the Flagpole*), is a portrait of the 1960's. In a word (his), it is a masterpiece that has stirred hornets' nests.

The final explosion is something called the Great American Disaster. In fact, it is just the opposite of a disaster. It is a restaurant that is a delight, selling for the first time in this country a hamburger the match of any of yours. If you wanted proof that one aspect of the American way of life sheds happiness all round, you would only have to look at the queues outside this delectable restaurant.

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